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GOING!

PLEASURE & PLENTY

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TERMS IN ADVANCE
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Vol. III.

E. F. Beadle,
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ONLY A CARRIER-BOY.

BY JOHNNIE DABE.

"Only a carrier-boy!" That was all.
And the fair one sweetly smiled,
As she uttered the sentence, bitter as gall,
To a heart that with love was wild.
Nothing to her, in her haughty pride;
He was to her—a toy;
For she was to be a rich man's bride,
And he—was a carrier-boy!

Oh, lady, look back! In thy hour of need,
When thy heart with fear was cold,
When the icy waters closed o'er thy head,
And the carrier-boy so bold—

Sprung out in the water, dark and deep,
From the vessel's lofty side,
And brought your dripping form to the deck—
Whom all thy pride!

You said you loved but him alone,
And his heart was filled with joy,
But now your glances are hard and cold—
He's only a carrier-boy!

"Tis a low, and the maid so proud
That a leader of fashion she is,
And the carrier-boy has won a name
That lives in speech and song.

He feels content. Ah, blessed gift,
That her heart can ne'er enjoy,
For oft in her gayest moods she sighs,
As she thinks of the carrier-boy!

Iron and Gold:

OR,
THE NIGHT-HAWKS OF ST. LOUIS.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.

AUTHOR OF "FLAMING TALISMAN," "BLACK GRENADIER," "WINKED," "HERCULES, THE HUNCHBACK," "PEARL OF PEARLS," "THE RED SCORPION," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE HIDDEN JEWEL.

"Nor thankless glooms obtrude, nor cares annoy,
Whilst the sweet theme is universal joy."

—BLOOMFIELD.

"Tis well to wake the theme of love
Whose chords of wild ecstasy fire
Flame from the harp, and ample prove
The soul as joyous as the lyre."

—COOK.

A SMOOTH road wound amid the trees—a highway noisy with the constant rumble of farmers' wagons, bearing their truck to the distant market.

Beyond the echoing hum that rises from the thoroughfares of a prosperous city, a narrow lane diverged from this main road—entering a dense avenue of foliage, where cool air and pleasant perfumes broke the drowsy influence of the warm spring day.

Following the lane, we bring the reader's imagination to a cottage nestled amid a picture of green and flowers—a home that was humble, though rich in the love that lived beneath its roof.

It was a posied Paradise, where odors of bloom, and fairest of dreams wove their charms, in nameless number, within the senses of the beholder.

The hour was eight o'clock, A. M.

A gray-haired man sat on a low bench near the vine-clad porch; and at his feet, with one arm resting on his knee, was a beautiful girl. She was busy making up a bouquet of roses culled from the beds that surrounded the cottage, and singing lowly to herself at the same time.

Nineteen years of age; not yet perfect in her loveliness—but more than merely pretty, and promising to be a woman of rare symmetry. Eyes of hazel; lips of sweets; cheeks of blush; hair almost black and curly; a voice of merriment and soberness alternately—this was Zella Kearn, to an observer, the gem that was hidden away from the world, in the snug little cottage by the country lane.

The man was her father, Wilbur Kearn; and these two, alone, were the occupants of the fairy retreat.

He sat there with his head bent forward, his eyes looking far out through an opening in the trees, resting vacantly on the scene before him, while his mind was divided between absorbing thoughts and a listless attention to the song of his child.

Suddenly the music of her voice ceased.

"There—I've finished it. Look, pa; isn't it pretty?"

She held up the result of her labors for his inspection, as she spoke. But turning to glance into his face, the exclamation died abruptly, and the gay smile faded.

Wilbur Kearn did not hear her. And a long silence ensued, while she studied the aged features unwaveringly.

At last she rose, and wound an arm around his neck.

"Pa?"

"Eh?—did you speak to me, child?"

Instantly the smile came back to her ripe, red lips, and the voice was again quick and girlish.

"Yes, I did. You didn't seem to hear me. Look: isn't this pretty? What's the matter, pa? You are pale. Are you sick?"

"I've not been well for several days, Zella. I—I was thinking—when you spoke to me."

"Thinking? What about?" rapidly, and twitching the bouquet as she gave it some final touches of improvement.

"Oh, nothing."

Zella laughed. "It can't be of much importance, if it's nothing; but I want to know."

"Do not insist."

"Well, I sha'n't, then," putting.

"I'm going to town to-day, Zella," he added.

"Are you? Take me!—I want not to go, so bad. I've lots of things to get, pa."

"No, Zella, not this time—the next. Wait till I go again!"



With the stealth of a cat she gained a position behind the foliage, and looked in upon Cyrus Winfield and his son.

"Oh, pshaw! I do think I'm the most unfortunate girl in the world! Why, I haven't been to town for a whole month. I want to see aunt Jane, too. What do you keep me buried up in this way for? You must be afraid you'll lose me! And it's a shame for me!"

"Tut, tut, Zella, not so fast," he interrupted, as she rattled off the sentences. "Well, what's the reason, then? I'm worse off than a bird in a cage, and I don't like it a bit."

"We have been very happy here, Zella." "Yes, pa, I know we have," and her tone softened; "but you act just as if you were afraid of losing me—you guard me so close."

A momentary glance darted at her from his gray eyes; a peculiar expression passed over his face.

But Zella did not notice it. She was still fingering at the bouquet, as if it would not look to please her; the roses were receiving all the benefit of her gaze; what she said was half-playful, half in earnest.

"It is for your own good, child," and with the speech, Kearn arose and entered the house to prepare for his departure.

A few steps inside the hallway, he paused and looked "back, though he could not see her from where he stood.

"Yes," he uttered, in a low, reflective voice; "I am afraid of losing you. One so beautiful as you, my child, durst not be too well known—particularly if they have a heart like yours. And, though your nature is difficult to read, there might chance some one to penetrate it; and it would do you no good—it would do you no good."

His only child was precious to him, and he did guard her jealously.

When alone, Zella moved toward a bowed seat at one side of the grassy plot.

Suddenly, a half-smothered exclamation escaped her. She had seen a figure approaching along the path that led from the lane to the house—one that she recognized—and, in a second, she changed the direction of her steps.

But she did not wish to end the comere; for, while he drew near, she knelt at a rose-

bush—though it really needed not another bud to complete the bouquet.

A young man emerged from the shade of the gravelled path—then halted to contemplate her; for the picture seemed to him like the apparition of a floral nymph.

Then he advanced and touched her gently on the shoulder.

"Ough!—Mr. Winfield!" There was a recoil accompanying the simulation of surprise; but, in the same breath, she continued, as she sprung to her feet:

"You must be trying to frighten me to death! Why did you come up so stealthily? See my pretty flowers—do you want them?"

"I am wild to possess them, since they were arranged by your hands!"

"Oh, don't go wild!" with a rippling, merry laugh. "Here—I gathered them for you."

"For me?"

" Didn't I say so? Come, let us go up to the house. Pa is going to the city. So, consider yourself my prisoner till he gets back," and she wheeled about and started toward the porch.

"I would esteem it a great favor if you held me in captivity forever."

"You might get fired!" laughingly.

"No danger. I always feel so happy in your society, that I look forward with eagerness to each visit I intend making weeks—"

"It has not been for lack of desire, I assure you—"

"Are you going now, pa?" to her father, who just then came out.

"Yes—ah! you have company. Hope you are well to-day, Mr. Winfield."

The two men exchanged cordial salutations, and, after a few remarks of no particular import, Kearn started off.

For a long time, Winfield sat conversing with the merry girl—she doing most of the talking. It was a pleasure to be silent and listen to her endless utterances; though he wondered how she could find so much to

employ the tongue, for she mingled very little with the outside world, nor was she fond of reading. Her powers seemed to be a natural gift.

"You talk so fast, I can hardly catch your words," he interrupted, as she poured out a multitude of sentences that all ran together, with hardly space for punctuation.

"Ha! ha! ha! do I? Then you must listen fast."

"When will you be a sober woman, Zella?"

"I'm sure I don't know—never, I guess. I think I'll always be a girl," and again the red lips laughed aloud.

"I prophesy that you will never marry, unless you cease to be a girl."

"Oh, my! How unkind. Ha! ha! ha! but I guess you are right. To tell the truth, I know I shall never marry any one."

"You won't?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Oh, well—because," with the laugh again.

"Then I never shall."

"You won't? Why?" and she looked at him keenly.

He had spoken without thought.

"I can hardly answer that," he said.

"Perhaps it is for the same reason you have given: because."

Hugh Winfield was a young man of about twenty-four years; a blonde; and by nature sincere—though not entirely free from selfishness. At the time our narrative begins, he was studying law.

His acquaintance with Wilbur Kearn and Zella was not of long standing; yet in the few months that had elapsed since their first meeting, he had experienced a peculiar admiration of her—not exactly love, and still, a feeling very similar.

His visits to the cottage were not frequent,

put they were periodical; and each time he

bad Zella good-bye, to return to his mental labors in the city, he felt an increase of the fascination that had crept upon him.

On this day, he remained with her until

the sun was low in the west. Ere he parted,

and while he held her hand, he said:

"Zella, before I go, I want a kiss—" "Mr. Winfield!" She drew back, and the dark eyes widened.

But he held her tightly.

"Come, Zella, just one."

"No, Mr. Winfield—no!"

"Yes!" while he drew the resisting form closer.

"No! no! no!"

But the kiss was won, though she shrank from him, trembling.

He did not dream, then, what that kiss was to cost.

As he walked away along the lane, he was thinking deeply.

"Do I love this girl?" he asked himself, more than once. "What makes me feel thus toward her? Not a word, not a look has ever been given, to tell me that she loves me—yet she is drawing my heart irresistibly toward her, until I am almost ready to fall on my knees before her! I would have her with me always; but it seems as if I dare not ask her to be mine. There are other women far better educated than she—women, too, whose bosoms are passionate with love, while Zella is cold, either by force or will, or actual deadness to the keener emotions of the heart. A merry, careless girl, I love, and do not love. Where is a name for such a state?"

At a sort of tavern, or restaurant, about a mile from Kearn's dwelling, Winfield had stalled his horse; and soon procuring the animal, he rode off, still thinking of Zella, and his own indefinable condition of mind.

Zella had gazed after his retreating form till the trees screened him from sight. Her face—merry, smiling and unreadable all the afternoon—now was very solemn, and the hazel eyes were softer than usual in their gaze, as they followed after Hugh Winfield. But, when the young man disappeared, there was a toss of the head, which threw the curls over her shoulders, and she stepped upon the porch, pausing here to look once more down the path, as if expecting to catch another glimpse of him, and then entered the house to set the table for the evening meal.

"I think he might have waited for tea, anyway!" she exclaimed, as her deft hands spread the snowy cloth.

CHAPTER II.

SHALL HE DO IT?

"For I have wandered far and felt the might
Of southern loveliness and northern wit.
But every charm at length has taken flight,
And at a vision's feet again I sit."

—TUCKERMAN.

"One face was ever in my sight,
One voice was ever in my ear."

—LANDON.

NIGHT was closing fast on St. Louis. In the immediate neighborhood of Lucas Place, stood the commodious residence of Cyrus Winfield, a merchant of considerable wealth and high standing in the community.

The father of Hugh Winfield sat in his luxurious parlor, in dressing-gown and slippers, enjoying his usual rest after a day of activity in the business walks of life; and Mrs. Winfield, a mild, low-voiced, meek-looking lady, was occupied with meditation, for her eyes rested steadfastly on the carpet, and a thoughtful expression dwelt in her face.

The two were alone.

Cyrus was a man of fifty odd years, strongly built, and of rather stern-cast countenance. His eyes could flash and his voice growl—or, he could be gentle as a child; so said, at least, those who knew him most intimately.

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He bit his nether lip and moved nervously.

"Let us quit this. Necessity is a trying state—ah!" He paused as a footstep sounded in the hall.

In another moment, Hugh Winfield entered.

Mrs. Winfield withdrew.

"Ah, Hugh!"

"Well, father?"

"You've just come in?"

"Yes, I was going up-stairs, but a servant told me that you wished to see me."

"So I do—so I do. Sit down. I want to talk with you. You went out on horseback this morning."

"I paid a visit to Mr. Kearn," drawing up a chair before his father, and seating himself.

Winfield frowned slightly; but his brow cleared in a second.

"You go there pretty often of late, it seems to me. Take care, Hugh, take care; I have seen Zella Kearn, and she is just the girl to trap the affections of a young man."

"Trap, father?" and he flushed at the word.

"Pah! it's all nonsense. Keep away from her. I've another rose for you to cult."

Hugh looked at him keenly.

"Speak on, father; what is it you have said?"

After a brief silence, Cyrus Winfield gazed full in his son's face, and said, while he delivered each word in a measured accent:

"Hugh, I am on the verge of total ruin."

"What!"

The exclamation was one of amazement.

Cyrus repeated.

"What do you mean? Explain!" cried Hugh.

"I mean just what I say. My last available funds were drawn to-day. My real estate is tied up so that it is worth nothing to me. Business has failed me; money has slipped through my fingers, as if each dollar was an eel! Cyrus Winfield, to-day, this minute, is not worth ten thousand dollars."

"And to what does this prelude tend?" asked the young man, while he stared, for he saw that there was something behind his father's significant speech.

"You can save me."

"Yes. If you will be the son to me, now, that you have been in the past, I shall survive the storm—if you will not, then our family will sink from its place in society, and the name of Winfield, so proud, so exalted, will sputter out like a wasted candle."

"Be plain, father; I don't understand you."

"You have heard of Ilde Wyn?"

"I have," with an increase of the wonder that was painted in his face.

"You know that she is worth half a million?"

"I do," promptly. "And the questions are: Who is this Ilde Wyn? Where and how did she acquire her wealth?"

"No matter about that—she has it. Money is money, without regard to its possessor."

"Still, I do not understand what you are aiming at."

Cyrus shifted his position uneasily.

"I made bold to call upon this young lady, yesterday—"

"Father!"

"Hold, now. I know that neither her money nor her beauty have sufficed to obtain for her the *entrée* to our better circles; and this is simply because it has been rumored that she is nobody's child—that she was seen, ten years ago, begging on the streets. True—if the last rumor be correct—she gained her wealth with questionable suddenness. But, you must remember, this is all rumor—only rumor. I say I have seen her. She received me politely. She is an affable, intelligent girl, full of life and vigor; and—and, Hugh, from inferences drawn while in her company, I am candid when I declare that I believe she is a victim to foul slander, and unmerited abuse. Moreover, I think she will make a reasonably good wife."

"Father!—father!" and the quick-breath-ed exclamations appeared to come chokingly. "You want me to marry her?"

"Never!"

"Hugh!" Cyrus Winfield frowned, and his eyes kindled.

"Father, I can not!"

"But, think, for a moment, of the alternative; loss of all that is so dear to us, deprivation of those associations that have become so necessary to our existence."

"There is no gain in the remedy," protested Hugh. "We will be barred from society as she is; if she becomes a member of our family."

"Not at all. With the money this match will bring us, we can leave St. Louis, and begin life anew. I tell you"—and he closed his teeth forcibly—"the last available funds I possess, is this moment, in the large desk in my office-library. When this is spent, I do not know how we shall live. Will you save me?"

"This is terrible!—terrible!"

Hugh Winfield started from his chair, and paced excitedly to and fro.

Cyrus watched the changeable workings of his features, as if to read what would be the reply. And the light in his eyes was stern and eager by turns; for his inward senses were fluctuating between hope and despair.

"You speak as though I had to act, to get her?" said the young man, questioningly, as he paused short in his walk up and down.

"And I do not speak idly. She has had opportunity for sight of you, when you did not know it; she has listened to many of your conversations, when you would not have dreamed she was near—"

"Then she must be a witch!"

"I did not ask her to explain the 'hows.' I have ascertained that she loves you."

"Loves me!"

"She told me as much."

"Ilde Wyn is not very maidenly. She must have been exceedingly entertaining, that such an intimacy should exist in so short a time between you and her" and the comments were tinctured with a sneer.

"We can overlook that. Come, Hugh, be just to us all—avert the blow that is imminent. Win this lovely girl, and get hold of her purse-strings. Will you do it?"

With the blunt reply that came even huskily from his lips, Hugh Winfield strode from the parlor.

The old gentleman gazed after him; and when the last echoes of his step had died out in the entry above, Cyrus muttered to himself: "He is a strong-willed boy. Now, both he and his mother, I feel, think I am anxious for the consummation of this marriage, for reasons beyond the perils from my debts. It is not so. Ilde Wyn is not the one for him; I would not have him wed her if she was the only woman in the world. But money money! I must have money! And if he refuse me this aid, he shall repent!"

As he finished his mutterings, his eyes sparkled and his brow knit scowlingly.

A veranda opened, at the further side of the parlor, into a well-cultivated garden. About the veranda were arranged a number of plants—some of them of a dense growth, as well as gaudy bloom. And amid the screening foliage a pair of eyes were watching Cyrus Winfield, as he stood there, musing aloud, and unconscious of the surveillance.

Hugh went straightway to his room, and threw himself into a chair by the window, where he sat gazing vacantly up at the starlit sky, and pondering on what had been proposed to him.

Never were his thoughts so full of Zella Kearn as now. Try all he would, he could not escape the imaginary presence of her dark, laughing eyes—and her merry voice seemed ringing incessantly in his ears.

How could he play the hypocrite, and utter a tale of love for Ilde Wyn? Yet, could he see that father, who had so tenderly guarded him from the cradle to manhood, sink to ruin, when his salvation lay in a single act of a dutiful son?

The air was very close. Hardly a breath stirred on that side of the house. He left his bedchamber, and sought the office library, where a cool breeze rustled the curtains at the long, antique-looking windows.

The apartment was dark and spectral; only the dim light of the stars struggled to break the shadows about him.

He drew an ottoman to one of the windows, and, seating himself there, gazed dreamily out upon the garden.

An unbroken stillness prevailed in his surroundings; soon he was oblivious to all else but his reveries on the entanglements of the hour.

The minutes multiplied; the night advanced, unheeded by the solitary occupant of the library.

Suddenly, a figure glided across his vision—this one quickly followed by another. Two forms had scaled the garden wall, and were moving stealthily toward the house.

Half aroused, yet not entirely free from the listless spell that held him, he strained his eyes to watch the apparitions, though he sat silent and immovable.

And, at that moment:

Toll! toll! toll! began to strike a near clock—the hour of eleven.

Time had, indeed, passed rapidly, since the dreamer came there.

CHAPTER III.

BEGGAR AND MASTER.

"Oh, that torment should not be confined to the body's limbs and forces, Where mind is immortal; In head, heart, breast, and reins; But must secret passage find To the inmost mind."

—MILTON

"Ah me alas, pain, pain ever, forever." —SHELDY.

WILBUR KEARN, after leaving his horse, stepped briskly along the road in the direction of the city, St. Louis.

As he passed the roadside "Relay" where Hugh Winfield had stalled his horse, the proprietor, and one or two loiterers, who were gathered in conversation on the porch, greeted him with a friendly nod.

He was well known therabouts as a man of education—one who, rumor said, had once been well situated in the world's comforts; and many wondered why he had sought so deserted a place to live in, when it was evident that his proper sphere lay in the heart of an active mercantile community.

But, gossip and inquiry had failed to set forth anything definite regarding him; and the voluntary hermit of the cottage retreat was, therefore, a mystery in the neighborhood.

"Father!—father!" and the quick-breath-ed exclamations appeared to come chokingly. "You want me to marry her?"

"Never!"

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proportion to his body. His head was small—with a sparse growth of red hair, a receding forehead, long ears, sunken eyes, hollow cheeks, pointed chin, hooked nose; and over the latter he wore a pair of green spectacles.

At sight of the comer he dropped the book he had been reading, and slipped, eel-like, from his seat.

"Ah! friend Kearn—you? Come in. I am delighted. You haven't called to see me for some time. Unusual. How do you do?"

As he finished his mutterings, his eyes sparkled and his brow knit scowlingly.

His voice was affable; he smiled blandly.

"I suppose you are delighted to see me?" said Kearn, with a slight bitterness, as he accepted the chair that was pushed toward him.

"Of course I am," went on Onnorann; adding, significantly: "though I knew you'd come again. I've been expecting you, every day, for a week—you manage to come periodically, you know. I was just reading a treatise on Iodoform. It's a good joke! One hundred pills for stomach neuralgia! Kill or cure, or both—I—" He ceased, and looked into the face of his visitor, who, he saw, was regarding him steadily; and Kearn was frowning as he had frowned before entering the house.

The father of Zella Kearn was there for no idle purpose. His eyes bent keenly on the man of medicine; and Onnorann was not at ease under the gaze, for he whisked himself over to the wine table, and brought it forward to a position between them.

"Take some wine, friend Kearn. It's fine old stuff—good, I warrant. Try it!" settling himself comfortably, pouring two glasses full, and beginning to sip the beverage with a marked appreciation.

But Kearn declined.

"Doctor Onnorann, you know what I am here for."

The eyes behind the spectacles looked at him in a peculiar way; then they fell carelessly to the glass, and their owner said, carelessly:

"Well, yes, I believe I do. It's the same old begging story, eh?"

"Will you never relent?"

"Relent?" He raised his glass to the light, and smiled, unreadably, as he surveyed its sparkling contents.

"You have tortured me long enough," continued Kearn. "Tell me, now, what I want to know. Where—where is my child? Surely, your hate must be satisfied by this time."

The wine-glass descended slowly to the table; the physician's eyes fixed piercingly on him.

"Wilbur Kearn," said the low voice, in a tone of strange seriousness, "you know the conditions upon which I will be merciful. You know—for I have told you plainly—that *only* on these conditions will I do it. I have sworn to you, now, at regular intervals, year after year, with the same begging, begging, begging. I tell you, sir, it is useless. Do as I dictate, or you will die without learning my secret. My secret?—ha! ha! ha! I forgot. I do not know it myself. But, I have in my power the one who *does* know; and she will never tell until I bid her."

At the close of Onnorann's speech, Kearn started up, and pressed his hands hard to his temples.

"You are a devil!" he articulated, chokingly.

"Am I?" was the calm, inquiring return. "I say you are a very devil! For years you have seen me suffer all that man could bear! You are without feeling—you have no mercy! See me!—weak, miserable frame, twice aged in years and woe! Will you not show pity?—pity!"

Pity is a good thing—but it must be tempered with philosophy. Though it does not do me no more good to see you in this state, it would do me no more good to see you better—unless, by the improvement, you agreed to my demand. The remedy for your ailment is in your own hands. Will you use it?"

"Take me up-stairs. Let me see this woman once more!" Kearn cried.

"What good will it do?" demurred Onnorann. "You have seen her often enough."

"Just once more

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a great surge swept away his forced composure for a single moment.

"Mirabel, oh! peerless, radiant Mirabel! I am dying for you—I can not live without you. To snatch a perishing soul from the very clutch of the fiends of perdition, tell me that there is still a chance to win that precious love I can not live without."

Her glance rested upon him pityingly.

"I thought you knew my heart is no longer mine to give," she said, with such sweet pride thrilling through her tones as served to rouse all the demon in him.

He spoke never a word. But there came a flash across his perfectly-modeled face which transformed it from almost angelic beauty to fiendish malignity; and the cruel, cold flame that leaped into those pale eyes came with the shock of a sickening revelation to Miss Durand.

That lightning glance which spoke of frenzied love and deadly hate—that, and he had turned from her and strode, with even steps, away.

But Mirabel, shrinking with a numbing horror turning her blood to ice, clasped her hands over her eyes, and whispered, to herself:

"God forgive me if I judge him wrongly, but I believe his hand struck that murderous blow."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE MISSING BRIDE.

VALERE gained but slowly. Time drew itself lingeringly through the sweet summer days, but all too fast was it for the hearts—some that were happy, and some that were heavy—in Fairview Glen.

Drake prospered but poorly in his search for the woman who should restore the true heir of the Durands. He came once or twice to report, and to consult with Mr. Thancroft.

"If it weren't out of all reason," said he, "I think she knew my purpose, and was keeping out of the way because of it. I can't find a track that she hasn't doubled on, nor a time she hasn't been close enough to keep watch on Fairview, if she had any object in it. I'm as likely to come across her at last by staying close here to the village as by chasing her about like a will-o'-the-wisp."

Nevertheless, he did not give up the search, for the very inconsistencies which baffled him challenged him on to the task.

And the weeks rolling around brought very close the time when Milly Ross should be brought to trial.

North had been at work with all the energy which desperation will lend. Through his endeavors the best of counsel had been secured in the defense; the facts as they stood had been sifted through and through, in the remote hope that some loop-hole of escape would present itself, but things were looking darkly for poor Milly Ross.

The clerk made his appearance at the manse one day, and asking for Miss Durand, was ushered above to the private sitting-room, where she and Fay were passing the evening together.

Mirabel had been in to brighten the day for the convalescent, but he evinced feverish symptoms; so, fearing a relapse, she had given him a sleeping powder prepared for such emergency, and withdrew, lest her presence should cause sleep from the bright but hollow eyes.

Fay had recovered her accustomed degree of carelessness. The fear that the shadow of Madame Durand's death might reflect upon either herself or Ware, was dissipated in the light of the evidence which told so strongly against the maid; she was not sympathetic upon the latter when her own selfish alarm died out. Moreover, she was inspired now with the hope that she was not still loving all in vain.

Lucian had met her on a few occasions when she walked in the grounds remote from the manse. He came there no more after the day when his soul had unavailed itself to the clear gaze of Mirabel. And though he spoke no words of love, the simulation of tenderness, which no man could better assume for a purpose, his slightly subdued manner and quiet persistency satisfied Miss St. Orme that her charms were gradually winning him back from his unreciprocated passion for Mirabel.

And so she was content to wait, having much faith in her own powers, but more, if it must be confessed, in the efficiency of the thirty thousand dollars which would become hers when Mirabel wedded Erne Valere.

The clerk was ushered into the presence of the two young ladies, a sad contrast in his haggardness and anxiety. Mirabel welcomed him most cordially; she liked the open, honest spirit of the obscure young man, and her womanly sympathy could reach down to a pitying contemplation of the deep sorrow which oppressed him.

"I've come on a mission from Milly, Miss Durand; one that she charged me with that night when Mr. Valere was attacked, and his danger put every other thought out of my head for the time. She says that when she put away the jewels after Madame's death, the key broke as she turned the lock of the last casket. She left orders down at the village for another one; I was to bring it to you and see that it answered. I hope that my neglect hasn't been any inconvenience."

"None to me, North. You know my intention to give up possession of the jewels?"

"They'll not find one more fit to wear them," said North, in respectful admiration. "If you'll be so kind as to try the key, I'll know whether any alterations will need to be made on it."

Mirabel crossed the room and brought the caskets, one at a time, placing them on the little dark solid table. She took the key, but it worked stiffly in the lock.

"It will need some filing off at the edge," said North, but with his stronger hand overcame the resistance, and the lids of the jewel-boxes sprung back, one by one.

Fay, with a cry of delight, fluttered above the glittering contents.

"Oh, the magnificent darlings! The great, sparkling brilliants; the lustrous pearls; the glowing, fiery rubies; amethysts, turquoises, emeralds, opals, all here. How can you think of giving them up, Miss Durand?"

Mirabel smiled silently as she passed her fair, unjeweled hand through the glittering heap. She took up the ring, which was circled around with alternate amethysts and pearls.

"It is very unique," she said, turning it slowly. "I remember Ross' saying she could not find the spring to replace it in its golden shield."

"Ugh!" shuddered Fay. "Madame had

it on her hand after she was dead. It suggests graves and ghouls; I'd never wear that if the jewels belonged to me. Ah, it has just come to me! That ring is a match-piece to the necklace about the painted throat of Madame Rosalie Durand."

"The lost necklace! Yes, it certainly is," said Mirabel, without attaching any importance to the fact.

North leaned toward her, and his hand shook as he extended it.

"Will you permit me, Miss Durand? Are not the pearls a little discolored?—and look! there is one loose in the setting."

He turned the ring round and round with a grave, disquieted face.

"Loose?—so it is. And the sharp tracery is fretting it. I wish it could be remedied at once, but I do not like to trust it in the hands of the village workmen," said Mirabel.

The grave doubt upon North's face cleared a little.

"If you'll trust it to me, Miss Durand; I shall leave for Philadelphia this evening. I'm going on business relating to—to—the traitor." The poor fellow's voice choked and trembled. "I'll be glad to undertake the commission for you, and it will give me something else to think about."

"And I am glad of the opportunity," said Mirabel, smilingly, though her heart ached for him.

Shortly after North took his leave, but more than once on his way down the mountain path he paused to assure himself of the safety of the ring.

"It seems like a wild hope," he whispered to himself, on one of these occasions.

"A wild, desperate hope—I dare hardly think of it as such. But, God help me! it is the only one that is left."

And while the clerk pursued his way, Valere awoke from the sleep which had not refreshed him. Mirabel was at his side and remained with him through all the afternoon, but the unfavorable symptoms did not abate. Thoroughly alarmed at last, she dispatched a messenger for Doctor Gaines, and imposed utter quiet in the sick-room.

"I could be satisfied to sit here and look at you forever," said Erne, with feeble, loving enthusiasm, but a grave, doubtful shade stole into his eyes as he spoke. "I must disobey your command, nevertheless, Queen Mirabel. I must speak of the thoughts which are troubling me. I am not mending fast, my love; and suppose—suppose a relapse should come—suppose I should not get well again?"

"Oh, Erne!"

"It has been troubling me—this thought. We may be neglecting that which is sacred our duty, Mirabel. We may defer making restitution until it is too late."

No need of him speaking more plainly.

She knew that he was oppressed by the shadow which had hovered so near to him, and she had heard it said, between the executors of the will, when they did not know she was heeding, that should he recover now, he might not escape a second attack upon his life by the unknown assassin.

There was a little silence between them, broken by the doctor's entrance.

"What's this, I want to know?" he asked, with bustling cheerfulness. "What are you doing with this patient of ours, Miss Durand? Haven't I had enough trouble with him, I want to know, without his falling back upon my hands?"

"You can't regret it more than I do, Doctor Gaines."

"You haven't been crossing his whims, or letting him worry?"

"That's just it, doctor," put in the invalid. "She's letting me worry."

"Well, well; that will never do—it'll not answer at all, Miss Durand. Sick people must be humored, you know. Now, my dear young sir, what is it with which you are finding fault?"

"Well, doctor, I want my wife to take care of me."

The doctor pursed his lips into shape to whistle, and stared at his patient with a comical twinkle in his gray, good-humored eyes.

"Ah, poor fellow!" said he, gravely.

"Your case is quite beyond my skill, I'm afraid. I think you had better call in the parson."

Mirabel blushed vividly, but their badinage was over. Erne had fairly exhausted himself in his effort to keep up, but now a sudden fainting overtook him.

It was only the natural result of having overtaxed his strength, the doctor explained; and Valere, when revived again, was cautioned to remain very quiet, but he was not yet ready to drop the subject he had agitated.

Mr. Thancroft came in while the quiet consultation was in progress, and added his plea in favor of the young man's wishes.

"You are to marry sooner or later, Miss Durand. Let the little time be in favor of your mutual happiness."

So Mirabel, persuaded most by Erne's pleading glance, yielded to the general solicitation that they two—already one in heart—should be quietly married that same evening.

There was a little pleasant stir throughout the manse when the fact was made known.

Fay heard it with a gush of gratified astonishment. She proffered her assistance in dressing the bride-elect, but Mirabel preferred being left quite alone.

"But I'm so surprised; so overjoyed since I know you're quite reconciled. It does seem like such an unnecessary sacrifice on your part."

Mirabel's eyes flashed, but she said, quietly:

"I am fully satisfied with my choice."

"Oh, of course, Mr. Valere is perfectly splendid. But, dear Miss Durand, do you mean to make over all that money to me? I can't think of permitting it. Indeed—indeed, I would much rather you would share it with me."

"I do think I got shabby treatment at the madame's hands, but I'd be perfectly satisfied to share equally with you. I can't think of accepting more than half the money and one of the jewel caskets, you darling Mirabel."

And Mirabel, filled with grave, tender thoughts, could not but laugh at the fitness of the little intriguer.

"Not even the least of the Durand gems, Miss St. Orme," said she, decisively.

"The money is freely yours, but the jewels are a part of the Durand estates."

And so with the pitance of thirty thousand dollars Fay was fain to be content.

But even this little fortune was not sufficient to account for the radiant triumph which illuminated her fair face when she shut herself alone in her chamber.

"Mine," she whispered, and she did not think of the money now. "He must be mine after this."

The warning of the strange woman who had met her in the grounds came back to her, but she would not let it disturb her sense of gratification.

"If she marries the other one it will be death to Lucian," the woman had said.

The evening hours came, and in the gloaming, with the red glare of sunset early superseded by mellowed lights from the chandeliers, Valere and Mirabel were made man and wife.

But before the ceremony had taken place,

Miss Durand legally transferred her legacy of thirty thousand dollars to Fay St. Orme. She went to Erne, as she had said, a penniless bride; but dearer in her wealth of love and munificence of charms of both person and mind, than if but one of these attractions had been represented by a princess' dower.

She had changed her mourning robes for a dress of sheer, white, fleecy muslin; and as the evening closed in, Doctor Gaines sent her off for some warmer covering for her thin-clad shoulders.

She slipped her hand from the clasp of her husband, and with a lingering, downward glance at him, eloquent of love and trust. He followed her with his gaze as she left the room, and wondered if this was not all a fitting vision. He could scarcely realize that peerless Mirabel was all his own.

The minutes slipped by; half an hour, an hour passed. The little group in the room of her husband wondered that she came not. A messenger was sent for her, but the bride was not in her own room.

There was an interval of waiting in which every one chid him with unfounded fears; then, thoroughly alarmed by her continued absence, they sought for her through house and grounds.

But Mirabel, the bride of an hour, had vanished mysteriously and completely as though she had been a myth.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 134.)

Mohenesto: Trap, Trigger and Tomahawk.

BY HENRY M. AVERY,

(MAJOR MAX MARTINE.)

XV.—*The Traditions of Indian Masons—The Concluding Ceremony—The Tau Cross—The Author receives the Indian degree—Hole-in-the-day—The extent of Indian Freemasonry—Factions—Guide for Emigrants—Indian Sign—A Fight with the Indians—Their Repulse—An Indian Freemason—Lives saved by Freemasonry—Kit Carson.*

The indulgent reader will pardon this digression, and we will return to the subject of Indian Masonry. The second act in their ceremonies, or rather the second "section" of their degree, is historical, and the delivery of the traditions of their order consume no less than three hours. I could fill a volume by giving it *verbatim*, in the Indian language, but that would be superfluous, so I will content myself with giving the substance.

The traditions of the tribes, concerning the origin of their order, are strange to say, all alike among all of the tribes—conclusive evidence that they were all derived from the same source. They claim that after the deluge the Great Spirit sent them a white bear, who led them to the North Star, where they found a most magnificent council-house. The bear led them through a long, winding passage to a room furnished in celestial splendor. At one end of the room was a massive throne, cut from a solid block of gold, which, when they entered, was unoccupied; but, after they had taken their seats, the room became instantly darkened, and the intense stillness was broken by a noise resembling the combined peal of a thousand claps of thunder, followed by a crash, and a light so brilliant as to blind them. When they had become accustomed to the light, they beheld the throne now occupied by a strange-looking white man, who wore on the back of his head a long scalp-lock, reaching to the ground, and braided full of gold and precious stones. He was dressed in a robe of spotless white furs, and upon either side of the throne sat two white bears; and the door was guarded by a bear, larger and whiter than the rest.

They represent that the man, speaking in a language which they had never heard, but which, singularly enough, they could readily understand, proceeded to perform the ceremonies which they were then performing.

After placing upon the breast of each the sign or totem of their order, he conducted them to an inner room, more magnificent than the first, where a banquet was spread, surpassing any thing they had ever before seen. Here, also, they were waited upon by the white bears, who were the only servants to be seen, and after feasting to their hearts' content, they were taken to the end of the world, where, looking in, they beheld a paradise. They could see the forms of loved friends and relatives flitting about in their celestial home within this world of ours, and game of all kinds in abundance. They were then told to return to their own country, and assured, that so long as they preserved the ceremonies among them, they should receive the protection of the Great Spirit in time of war; and that, when others were starving, they should have an abundance. And, finally, he assured them that when they came to die, they should be transported through the portals of the council-room to the paradise they had seen, there to live forever, in peace and plenty.

This is the substance of the tradition concerning the origin of their order. Like all Indian history, it is metaphorical, and exists only in tradition. In their "lecture" to the candidate they are very explicit in giving the most minute details of their journey to the happy land, of their reception there, and of their treatment; also describing more fully the feast of which they participated, and the appearance of the country wherein this magnificent home is located.

The third and concluding ceremony is more impressive than the preceding ones, and occupies no less time than five hours.

It seemed to me that they were more than usually explicit in demonstrating the work on the occasion of my first visit; but, subsequent visits merely proved that they were doing their regular work, from which not one word was ever taken, or to which one word was ever added, or another substituted.

This section consisted in instructing the candidate in the signs, and in administering

the obligation. The duties of one member toward another are manifold, and are impressed upon their minds in a manner precluding the possibility of ever forgetting them. Their own lives are not counted in comparison with their duties, and any of them are ready to sacrifice all for the relief of a brother.

The candidate is no longer blindfolded but is obliged to lie upon his back, when is performed one of the most important of their ceremonies. It consists in imprinting in ceridelle colors upon the left breast of the candidate, a figure exactly resembling the triple tau or tau cross of a Royal Arch Mason. Every member is provided with a bunch of sharp-pointed fish-bones or needles, which they dip in the ceridelle fluid, and in marching around the prostrate brother, each one kneels by his side, and makes his mark. The march is continued until the figure is completed, when the new-made brother is allowed to take a seat among the rest.

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Our Arm-Chair.

Chat.—Winter evenings are close upon us. How delightful can they be made if care is taken to provide the right kind of reading matter. The *Prairie Chief* says: "The New York SATURDAY JOURNAL is an enterprising and interesting journal as one can get to pass away the long winter evenings with. The paper is filled with lively sketches of adventures, travels, love stories, jokes, etc."

If there is any paper more diversified in its interest or more likely to instruct, interest and amuse the Family Circle than this paper, we do not know where to find it. To the Boys and Girls it is like a chatty and well-traveled Story-teller; to the grown men and women it is like a friendly Visitor, always welcome, never dull. We aim especially to reach American Homes and Firesides, and will esteem it a personal favor if every good friend of the SATURDAY JOURNAL will speak of the paper's merits as he thinks they really are, to his friends and acquaintances.

Now that a "reform" movement has been inaugurated in New York city, the press begins to spot the rogues and rogues' devices which it is desirable the police should "go for." The *N. Y. Times* thus advertises to the thousand and one swindlers who humbug and cheat the unsuspecting country people:

"The generous-hearted farmers' daughters and innocent bumpkins have, as a result, come in for a large share of attention, and have been robbed of their earnings under all sorts of pretenses. The promise of handsome silk dresses for five dollars has proved irresistible to the young maidens about to become brides; and gold rings and wedding presents of marvelous beauty and extraordinary cheapness, have been equally effective in opening the purse-strings of the intended bridegrooms. New York swindlers, as our country friends have sufficient reason to know, are by no means deficient in a knowledge of the "state days" of the year. Taking the chances for a good long list of marriages in September and October, they have been vigorously plying the dodge of offering jewelry and dresses at less than half-price. Young persons on the brink of matrimony are not usually inclined to be suspicious. On the contrary they are imbued with such a delightful trustfulness in human nature that they forward their post-office orders to the sharpers, and wonder if the letters have miscarried, when they receive no reply."

It is amazing, considering how often the people are warned against these "sawdust operators"—as they are known in police parlance—that a sensible person should send money to the sharpers; but, it is a fact, as stated by the *Times*, that at no period of these swindlers' history are they more prosperous than at this present moment. Almost every mail brings us letters asking about this and that "firm"—are they responsible, etc., etc. Of course we can not reply, save generally—to beware of sending money to any unknown person, and, above all, to any scoundrel who advertises to give ten dollars' worth for one.

Our Foreign Relations are perfect; much more so than our near relations, from the fact, I suppose, that distance lends enchantment in that direction and does the clothing in blue herself.

My Possible Future Message.

Our country at this illustrious period of its existence, I am glad to say, is as broad as ever it was, and it is a matter of deep regret with me that the Atlantic and Pacific should keep it from growing wider, and I would suggest that both those seas be filled up without further ceremony, and would add that spring chickens brought up by man are better than the machine-reared.

Our Foreign Relations are perfect; much more so than our near relations, from the fact, I suppose, that distance lends enchantment in that direction and does the clothing in blue herself.

My policy has been always for the cultivation of peace and good-will between nations and also the cultivation of hops in the rural districts; the hop-trees should be grafted upon vigorous poles early, and the hop sold at a good price; otherwise you lose the vultures caught.

The Names of the States.—Correspondents frequently ask us for the meaning of the names given to many of our States. We have partially answered such queries, several times, but here give a complete list—one well worthy of attention and preservation.

There is, it may be premised, much that is singular as well as interesting in the study of the origin of the names of the States of the Union, as they are derived from a variety of sources. To begin in the geographical order we first have Maine, which takes its name from the province of Maine, in France, and was so called in compliment to the Queen of Charles I., Henrietta, who owned that province. New Hampshire, first called Laconia, from Hampshire, England. Vermont from the Green Mountains (French *verdement*). Massachusetts from the Indian language, signifying "the country about the great hill." Rhode Island gets its name from the fancied resemblance of the island to that of Rhodes in the ancient Levant. Connecticut's name was Maha-gean, spelled originally *Quon-ha-ic-cut*, signifying "a long river." New York was so named as a compliment to the Duke of York, whose brother, Charles II., granted him that territory. New Jersey was named by one of its original proprietors, Sir George Carteret, after the island of Jersey in the British Channel, of which he was Governor. Pennsylvania, as is generally known, took its name from William Penn, the word "sylvania" meaning woods. Delaware derived its name from Thomas West, Lord De La Ware, Governor of Virginia. Maryland received its name from the Queen of Charles III., Henrietta Marie. Virginia got its name from Queen Elizabeth, the unmarried, or Virgin Queen. The Carolinas were named in honor of Charles II., and Georgia in honor of George II. Florida gets its name from Pasquale de Flores, or "Feast of Flowers." Alabama comes from a Greek word signifying, "The Land of Rest." Mississippi derives its name from that of the great river, and in the Natchez tongue, the Father of Waters. Louisiana was so named in honor of Louis XIV. Arkansas is derived from the Indian word Kansas, "smoky water," with the French prefix of A, a "bow." Tennessee is an Indian name, meaning, "the river with the big bend." Kentucky also is an Indian name, "Kain-tuckee," signifying "at the head of the river." Ohio, the Shawnee name for "The Beautiful River." Michigan's name was derived from the lake, the Indian name for a fish weir or trap, which the shape of the lake suggested. Indiana's name comes from that

of the Indians. Illinois' name is derived from the Indian word illini, "men," and the French affix, "ols," making it "tribe of men." Wisconsin's name is said to be the Indian one for a wild, rushing channel. Missouri's is also an Indian one for muddy, having reference to the muddiness of the Missouri River. Kansas is the Indian word for smoky water. The derivation of the names of Nebraska and Nevada is not known. Iowa signifies in the Indian language the drowsy ones, and Minnesota, cloudy water. The origin of the name of California is uncertain. Oregon, according to some, comes from Oregon, the Indian name of a wild marjoram, which grows abundantly on the Pacific coast, and, according to others, from Oregon, "the River of the West," an allusion to the Columbia River. West Virginia gets its name from having been formed from the western part of Old Virginia.

It would be a good work for some of our scholars to perform to give us a complete Dictionary of the Indian and peculiar local names of this country. The Indian names and terms especially are so significant that such a Dictionary would be of general use and interest.

KILLING TIME.

I've been thinking how singular it is that there are so many persons dwelling among us who have so little to occupy their minds and attention that they are making the constant inquiry as to the best manner in which they can kill time.

Kill time indeed! They ought to be ashamed to think of such thing. What!

kill the precious moments God has given us to be busy in—murder the hours that should be employed in usefulness? Nothing to do, eh? Then you should immediately find something to do. You wouldn't have to hunt long, take my word for it. Seek out those who have too much to do and endeavor to help them. I'll be bound that, not more than ten rods off, there is some poor woman dragging and slaving her life out, to keep that life within her body, who would be glad if you would run in but for an hour and mend a few stockings, and give her a word of comfort and a bit of small change. This is where you ought to be, instead of idly moping at home and wondering how you can kill time. Surely, you must know of some invalid who is confined to her room, where your presence might make the hours pass less wearily. Do you think, if these invalids were well once more, they would ever desire to be idle? You don't know what it is to be obliged to remain on a sick-bed, day after day—to hear busy life going on all around you, and you not able to share in it. When you are so situated, it will be indeed a good lesson to learn how to bear what others have to endure.

If you are at a loss for occupation, and are unable to do any thing else, go into your garden, pluck the choicest flowers you can find, arrange them in a bouquet and take them to the chamber of some sick friend.

Oh, it seems to me to be wicked, so wicked,

when life is so short, that we want the brief moments to pass quicker, or that we want our hands to remain idle a minute, save it is to rest them from overfatigue.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

What to Wear.

The mystery, at this time, among hundreds of young men, is what is the style for our winter wear? To answer these, and to give some pleasant items of information, we state that the most appropriate and stylish material for a gentleman's suit, to be worn during business hours, is English cashmere, in plaids, stripes, and mixtures, the entire suit being made of the same piece. The coat should be a double-breasted sacque, thirty inches long, moderately curved to fit the form, and left open five or six inches at the bottom of the center back seam. The front has four buttons, three only being used. The sleeves are without cuffs, being made with a vent two and a half inches long, and closed with a single button. Pockets are made with flaps to be worn over, or inside, according to individual fancy. Another suit, equally in favor for business or traveling, is the popular single-breasted, cut-away coat, of blue diagonal, closing one button across the chest, and well cut away in front, showing two or three buttons of the single-breasted vest. Edges bound with silk braid, cuffs finished with a vent, and one button. This coat should be worn with trowsers of bluish-gray striped cassimere. Subdued checks and broken, undefined plaids will this season take the place of stripes, which have enjoyed favor so long.

Plaids will be more worn than for several seasons past, and are largely imported in both English and French manufacture, the latter being especially admired. There are, this fall, many unique and desirable patterns in plaids, beautifully blended in weave and coloring, and ranging from the smallest check to a plaid two inches in size.

The favorite coat will be the "Prince of Wales," so called from the fact that at a breakfast given by the Prince, all the guests, as well as himself, appeared by request in this style of coat. This coat, which has for the past season or two been worn in London, is now introduced here by many of the leading houses, and bids fair to be the popular coat of the coming season. The approved material for it is diagonal figured elastic coating, or goods adapted for whole suits, such as plain goods, stylish checks, plaids or stripes, in all the fashionable colors, dark-blue, black, or a dark claret color, etc. This style of coat is rather long in the waist, and is closed in front by two buttons five inches apart, the lower one about four inches above the waist-seam, the front of the skirt cut away in almost a straight line from it. The sleeve, which is of medium width, is finished by a cuff, and one button check to a plaid two inches in size.

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check to a plaid two inches in size.

Another coat for the promenade, which divides favor with the "Prince of Wales," is the "Newport Cutaway," a coat introduced last fall, and so deservedly popular as to be extensively made for the present season. This is cut broad-breasted, closed with but one button, and well cut away in front to display the two lower buttons of the vest.

For full-dress occasions, the opera, weddings, etc., a black broadcloth coat is still required. This differs but slightly from that of last season, the waist being medium length, and the skirt a trifle longer than formerly, the edges either stitched raw or finished with fine cord, the front rolling back from below the fourth button. The facing, though generally of cloth, is sometimes rich black silk, which, of course, adds much to the dressy appearance of the coat.

The vest should correspond with the coat in material and color; should have the same length of body, and be cut single-breasted.

Length of body, and be cut single-breasted.

Black doeskin trowsers complete this costume, made larger in the leg, and with but slight spring over the instep.

Kerseys and beavers will be, as formerly, extensively used for overcoats. For early fall wear, single-breasted sacques, with flying fronts, of various materials and colors, will be in vogue. Dark hues will have the preference. The favorite winter overcoats will be double-breasted sacques; surtouts, and single-breasted sacques being the exception. These will have the collar and facings of velvet, or very heavy gros grain silk, matching the collar of the coat. Fur used in this way will be popular for mid-winter wear, sea-skin being the preferred material, and when used will form the collar, facings, and also the bindings around the bottom and sleeves.

The Inverness, or cape-coat, of brown mixed Elysian beaver, is cut to button to the neck, and made with a fly in front, both in the coat and cape. This style promises to be much in vogue for traveling and business purposes, as well as stormy weather.

The favorite double-breasted sacque for winter, of dark-brown Kersey or diagonal beaver, is made to close with four buttons in front. The edges may be finished with velvet binding, or double-stitched, the rows

of stitching being an inch apart; velvet collar to match. A fine material for a surtout is blue fur beaver. The collar and edges are of a blue shade of velvet to match the beavers. Seams are double-sewed, either felled and stitched, or double-stitched, the rows being about a quarter of an inch apart.

I am in for universal amnesty and a higher price for oats.

I believe that the measures I have adopted for the benefit of our land are true standard measures of four pecks to the bushel, well rounded on top, and the horticultural fruits of my policy will be found to be of the most improved variety.

I have tried the effects of a mild government and find it is the best; just as mild weather produces the most beneficial effect upon the early onion crop, and have taken every Abernethy occasion by the horns to turn it to the good of our people.

I recommend that the rail-fences that are built up between the people be done away with, or substituted by the patent-portable fence which is easy to be removed, on notice.

I recommend the enlargement of our navy and early cabbages.

I have been sincerely for Protection, and recommend that burdock leaves be laid over cabbage plants to keep them from the sun, and houses to be built over blossoming fruit-trees to shield them from the frost.

I recommend the building of some new forts on our coast, and milk-houses on every farm; and urge that every citizen keep the Constitution and a cow, for the benefit of himself and his children.

I would like to see the army raised, and likewise more sheep than there are now.

I would not recommend the acquisition of Cuba now, at least until we get the potato-bugs out of what territory we have, and would insist that the Indians be immediately removed on their reservations and the snakes to their graves.

Let everybody put their trust in guano as a fertilizer, and merrily swing the hoe.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN, President.

What to Wear.

The mystery, at this time, among hundreds of young men, is what is the style for our winter wear?

To answer these, and to give some pleasant items of information, we state that the most appropriate and stylish material for a gentleman's suit, to be worn during business hours, is English cashmere, in plaids, stripes, and mixtures, the entire suit being made of the same piece.

The coat should be a double-breasted sacque,

thirty inches long, moderately curved to fit the form, and left open five or six inches at the bottom of the center back seam. The front has four buttons, three only being used.

The sleeves are without cuffs, being made with a vent two and a half inches long, and closed with a single button.

Pockets are made with flaps to be worn over, or inside, according to individual fancy.

Another suit, equally in favor for business or traveling, is the popular single-breasted, cut-away coat, of blue diagonal, closing one button across the chest, and well cut away in front, showing two or three buttons of the single-breasted vest.

This coat should be worn with trowsers of bluish-gray striped cassimere.

Subdued checks and broken, undefined plaids will this season take the place of stripes, which have enjoyed favor so long.

Plaids will be more worn than for several seasons past, and are largely imported in both English and French manufacture, the latter being especially admired.

There are, this fall, many unique and desirable patterns in plaids, beautifully blended in weave and coloring, and ranging from the smallest check to a plaid two inches in size.

The favorite coat will be the "Prince of Wales," so called from the fact that at a breakfast given by the Prince, all the guests, as well as himself, appeared by request in this style of coat. This coat, which has for the past season or two been worn in London, is now introduced here by many of the leading houses, and bids fair to be the popular coat of the coming season. The approved material for it is diagonal figured elastic coating, or goods adapted for whole suits, such as plain goods, stylish checks,

plaids or stripes, in all the fashionable colors, dark-blue, black, or a dark claret color, etc. This style of coat is rather long in the waist, and is closed in front by two buttons five inches apart, the lower one about four inches above the waist-seam, the front of the skirt cut away in almost a straight line from it. The sleeve, which is of medium width, is finished by a cuff, and one button

check to a plaid two inches in size.

Another coat for the promenade, which divides favor with the "Prince of Wales," is the "Newport Cutaway," a coat introduced last fall, and so deservedly popular as to be extensively made for the present season.

This is cut broad-breasted, closed with but one button, and well cut away in front to display the two lower buttons of the vest.

For full-dress occasions, the opera, weddings, etc., a black broadcloth coat is still required.

This differs but slightly from that of last season, the waist being medium length, and the skirt a trifle longer than formerly, the edges either stitched raw or finished with fine cord, the front rolling back from below the fourth button. The facing, though generally of cloth, is sometimes rich black silk, which, of course, adds much to the dressy appearance of the coat.

The vest should correspond with the coat in material and color; should have the same length of body, and be cut single-breasted.

Length of body, and be cut single-breasted.

Black doeskin trowsers complete this costume, made larger in the leg, and with but slight spring over the instep.

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I
BY ARNOLD ISLER.

I—who am I? Why, myself—Me!
Well, who is Me? Why, myself—I!
I, that is Me; Now I see
Thro' it. I'm getting nigh
The point where I know this to be
A fact. I am what I am,
Ah! there it is. I am what? I see,
And still I do not.
Yet I do know I am, 'tis a great treat.
To know so much. I know I am a thing;
A living thing, that lives thro' bitter and sweet.
For what? That's it, for what? I talk, I sing,
I feel, I hear, I see, I laugh, I weep;
And in my sleep I dream. In dreams I see
Strange things, strange scenes, strange faces ap-
pear to me; me!

I wake, and lo! I find myself where I was
Before I could sleep. I play, I sleep;
Then what?
Ah! there it is:
What not—
'Cross Death's abyss!
Another life like this!

God forbid!
I would rather forevermore lie hid
In Earth's cold clay, forever senseless, dead!
Than live another life like this, and tread
Again the rough, changing pathway of life.
Bare over again this mixed-up mystic strife.

Was it a Mystery?

BY MARY REED CROWELL

EXACTLY, Mr. Heatherstone; you've hit
the nail on the head, smack, that time."

Farmer Mulberry took his clay pipe from
his lips and looked keenly at Rolfe Heather-
stone, who was smoking his cigar, with his
chair tipped back, and his handsome feet
resting on the railing of the piazza.

A sweet, shady place it was, the vine-
wined piazza of the stone farm-house; and
Rolfe Heatherstone, as he sat lazily
smoking and gazing off over the whitening
fields of buckwheat, to the purple hills that
seemed floating in the amethystine air, felt
that his Fate had dealt very kindly to him
in leading him to this charming retreat—and
to Violet Tredethlyn.

Particularly Violet Tredethlyn; the queen-
ly girl, who should have been called Regina
or Vashti, so royal was her grace, so imper-
ial and rare the wondrous beauty some
fairy godmother must surely have given
her.

Rolfe Heatherstone was not the first man,
by a dozen, who had fallen hotly and help-
lessly in love with this classic-faced goddess—this stately girl, with her alabaster
skin, that never was marred by the slightest
tinge of carnation; whose positive colors
were the glowing scarlet lips, full and ex-
quisitely rounded; the ebony-black eyes, almond-shaped and lustrous, and their accom-
panying lashes and brows, that one expected
would be jetty black. But her vividly-
golden hair, thick and shining, as if some
stray sunbeam were imprisoned in it, and
golden-brown lashes, lent to Violet Tredethlyn
the rare combination of beauty that to
Mr. Heatherstone was so attractive.

He was thinking of her, as he sat there;
indeed, when was he not thinking of her?
And he had just made a remark relative
to Miss Tredethlyn—a delicately compi-
mentary remark, such as he knew so well
to make—that struck farmer Mulberry as
being peculiarly happy.

Rolfe laughed at the rude, honest reply
farmer Mulberry made.

"You see," went on the old man, em-
phasizing his words by an occasional extra
puff at his pipe, "you see, I believe what
you say is gospel true, and that Miss Violy
is one of the smartest women I ever see;
fact is, Mr. Heatherstone, although you
can't see, of course, but she is just a little
too cute for me."

Rolfe smiled, calmly. Why should this
old countryman be a judge of peerless Violy?

They Roile wondered what he meant,
and he asked:

"Miss Tredethlyn is certainly a remark-
ably well-read, well-informed woman. I
am aware her education embraces pretty
nearly all studies women are presumed to
be able to conquer; but I must confess I
can't imagine why or wherein she is
'cute'—I think you said?"

Farmer Mulberry laid down his pipe, de-
liberately knocked out the ashes over the
railing of the piazza, and then turned to
Rolfe, with a quizzical expression on his
rugged face.

"Miss Tredethlyn pays her board reg'lar,
and don't find no fault with my old wo-
men's cookin'; but for all that, I tell you,
Mr. Heatherstone, what I've told nobody—
there's something very strange about her."

Rolfe felt his face flushing, but he only
coolly begged farmer Mulberry to particu-
larize Miss Tredethlyn's shortcomings.

"I can see you ain't overpleased, Mr.
Heatherstone," he continued, half depre-
catingly, "and it's naterel enough, seem-
as how you admire her so much. But I do
say it don't look right the way she goes
on."

Rolfe's patience was beginning to ebb,
and now he threw his cigar away in an
angry mood.

"I hate mysteries!" he returned, shortly.
"I really wish you would tell me—if you
have any thing to tell."

"Oh, it's true as Scriptur', for I see it
with my own eyes, not an hour ago, too.
And if ever there was a—"

"Andrew! will you come here a minute?"

And as farmer Mulberry entered the
kitchen, Rolfe Heatherstone plunged away
among the dense green foliage of the old-
fashioned flower-garden, wondering what
on earth the garrulous old man could mean.

"Oh, Mr. Heatherstone! I thought there
was no one on the piazza but myself."

Violet Tredethlyn's voice was just such
a voice as one would have expected from
her—clear, sweetly intoned, and slightly
ringing. Now, as its music suddenly fell
on Rolfe Heatherstone's ears, he actually
started in a spring of mingled surprise and
delight, for, like herself, he had thought
himself alone on the wide, vine-trellised pi-
azza.

He heard the voice, and then caught a
glimpse of white drapery, and a narrow
scarlet scarf thrown around sloping, queen-
shoulders; then, like a vision, her beau-
tiful face dawned on him among the leaves
of the Madeira vines.

He knew he loved her; he imagined she
loved him; but, somehow or other, farmer
Mulberry's words kept intruding upon him,
much as he wished to dispel the vague rest-
lessness they occasioned.

What could farmer Mulberry have
meant? What was the mystery hinted so
mysterious at? And then Violet suddenly
dispersed his thoughts.

"Building air-castles, Mr. Heatherstone?"

and are there any to let? I think I enjoy
these chateaux d'Espagne very decidedly,
for some purposes."

She was so arch, so free; and Rolfe defi-
antly put under foot the troublesome
wanderings, resolved to enjoy this evening,
at all events.

"I am not sure, Miss Violet, that I shall
assume the cares of landlord, even for so
fair a lessee. Besides, I imagine even the
finest castle in Spain would fail to yield me
the enjoyment farmer Mulberry's cottage
has done this summer."

He was looking earnestly at her, and al-
though she averted her eyes for a second,
he noted, with a thrill of delight, the fleet-
ing blush on her cheek. But her answer
utterly demolished any hope of his.

"I fully agree with you, Mr. Heather-
stone. Such delicious strawberries and
cream! and then Mrs. Mulberry's home-
made bread! I am quite sure your air-cas-
tles could offer no such bill of fare."

Rolfe bit his lip crossly. As if this charm-
ing girl did not know what he meant; and
knowing, how superciliously she ignored.

"I referred to a feast rather more aesthetic
than bread and butter, and strawberries and
cream. But, since you seem not to have
partaken of it, I will not mention it again."

He carelessly stuck a spray of the frag-
rant Madeira bloom in her sunshiny hair,
and then walked away as if she had been a
marble statue, utterly disregardful of the
flash sent after him from those radiant
eyes of hers.

Rolfe passed slowly by on the open parlor
window, where Crawford Lance and Miss
Sperton were talking. He heard his own
name mentioned, and—am I in duty bound
to confess this shortcoming of my hero?—he
rested on the railing of the piazza.

A sweet, shady place it was, the vine-
wined piazza of the stone farm-house; and
Rolfe Heatherstone, as he sat lazily
smoking and gazing off over the whitening
fields of buckwheat, to the purple hills that
seemed floating in the amethystine air, felt
that his Fate had dealt very kindly to him
in leading him to this charming retreat—and
to Violet Tredethlyn.

Particularly Violet Tredethlyn; the queen-
ly girl, who should have been called Regina
or Vashti, so royal was her grace, so imper-
ial and rare the wondrous beauty some
fairy godmother must surely have given
her.

What else, Rolfe never heard. He fairly
staggered away from the window. Was it
possible? could it be possible? The cold
shivers ran over him as he contemplated the
ugly fact. Miss Tredethlyn—Violet, his queenly Violet, his incomparable Violet, the slave of such a tyrant?

"It is patent as daylight to every one else
but poor Mr. Heatherstone. If he only had
a sister now to tell him; but Miss Tredethlyn
will wind him round her finger completely."

So! and Rolfe's ears tingled with anger
and shame. It had come to this, had it; that he
and this, had it? "myself" of Violet Tredethlyn's
were canvassed so freely among
farmer Mulberry's boarders.

"I wouldn't undertake to say it is all
true, Mr. Lance, but the belief is current
that Miss Tredethlyn is an opium-eater,
and—"

What else, Rolfe never heard. He fairly
staggered away from the window. Was it
possible? could it be possible? The cold
shivers ran over him as he contemplated the
ugly fact. Miss Tredethlyn—Violet, his queenly Violet, his incomparable Violet, the slave of such a tyrant?

Well, very painful it was to have his
sight thus restored to him; but he bore it
quietly, and only walked his bedroom
all night, and then started off in the earliest
train before Violet had wakened from her
dreams of him.

It was a large, delightful room in the
western corner of the big, old-fashioned
farm-house that Mrs. Mulberry had given
Violet, with four shady windows where the
morning glories and California roses twined
and bloomed all the long summer days.

This morning, Violet was sitting by her
favorite window, looking out on the hills
of which she never tired; and wondering
away down in her strong loving heart, if it was
not Rolfe Heatherstone who had so
brightened her life this summer.

Then the fair, fair face of the farmer's
wife peeped in at her door.

"All alone, Miss Violy? No, I can't sit
down. I jest dropped in a minute on the
way down-stairs. I've been airin' Mr. Hea-
therstone's room against some one else's
wanting it."

Violet looked up eagerly.

"Why, Mr. Heatherstone's not given up
his room?"

"Given it up, paid his bill, and said good-
bye. Why, didn't you know he was goin'?"

In spite of the pain she was suffering at
this news, Violet could not but detect a
peculiarity in Mrs. Mulberry's question.

"Why should I know?" she flashed out.
"Oh! nothing, only—you know I know
of thought after what Susie Lance said—"

She stopped short, half-appalled by the
light in Violet's black eyes.

"And what did Miss Lance say?"

Mrs. Mulberry was in no way reassured
by Violet's tone, but there was in it a com-
mand she was powerless to disobey.

"Oh, Miss Violy, I'd rather a' bit my
stupid tongue before it slipped so! But
you mustn't bear no malice to me, Miss
Violy, because Miss Lance told me secretly,
you know, about your dreadful failin', and
how it must have been that sent him—"

But if Paxton could not get at the un-
known fo, neither could he leave his am-
bush without danger of discovery, except by
retreating through the grounds of the
house right behind the tree-trunk which
served him for shelter.

Paxton's keen eyes took in the situation
at once. The breadth of the street alone sepa-
rated him from the ambushed fo. He felt
sure that he could detect the slightest move-
ment of the unknown if he should attempt
to leave the shelter of the tree and escape
through the grounds of the house behind
him. So Paxton coolly stretched himself out
at full length upon the soft turf, and, with
his ear to the ground, waited.

Twenty minutes passed away, and no sound
save the night wind rustling the leaves of the elms came to Paxton's ears.

His brows contracted.

"Can it be possible that he escaped while
I was getting out of the window?" he mut-
tered.

"If he did, he must be as quick as a
cat, whoever he is."

Ten minutes more passed away.

Paxton had almost made up his mind
that the assassin had indeed escaped, when
he heard the slight noise which a man's
foot make moving with caution upon a
gravel pathway.

A smile of satisfaction came over Sin-
clair's face, and he drew back the hammer
of the revolver, ready for action.

Then he heard a gate creak on its hinges,
the sound denoting that it was being opened
slowly and with caution.

The time for action had come.

Paxton sprung to his feet and dashed
across the road, with the speed of a gray-
hound.

The man pursued had ears no less quick
than he who followed in the chase. He
guessed at once that the man whom he had
killed to kill was on his track. He now
abandoned all caution and rushed forward
at headlong speed.

Paxton ran forward at his utmost pace.
He reached beneath the tree which had
given shelter to the assassin, and came to
the gate through which he had passed. It
was closed, but the pursuer stayed not to
open it; laying his hands upon the gate-
post, he vaulted over it, light as a bird.

The sound of the fugitive's footsteps,
running at his topmost speed, guided Pax-
ton in his chase.

The unknown ran straight through the
grounds to the rear street. Over the fence
he went into the street, across the street and
into the grounds of one of the houses on the
opposite side of the way, then suddenly the
noise of his footsteps stopped.

Paxton had followed him hotly, but as
he scaled the fence and came down onto the
street, he noticed that the sound of the foot-
steps had ceased, and guessing that the fu-
gitive again lay in ambush on the other
side of the moonlit road, he did not care to
cross it in full range of his noiseless weapon.

Quietly he nestled down under the shade
of a large elm tree, and waited.

"I can play at hide and seek all night!" he
muttered; "but he shall not shake me off,
and when the morning light comes then I'll
trap my bird."

The fugitive, who had gained the shelter
of the fence on the further side of the street,
had succeeded in winning one important ad-
vantage. He could steal off, his footsteps
deadened by the soft garden loan, with
much less noise than when forced to tread
in the gravel walk.

The breath of the assassin came hard, for
the run had been a breath short as it was.

Eagerly and intently he listened. Not a
sound could he hear except the breeze play-
ing with the leaves, or the distant howl of
some wide-awake dog baying the moon and
making night hideous with his discordant
yelps.

He did not for an instant think, though,
that Paxton had given up the chase; he
knew him too well for that. He guessed
instinctively, that his pursuer lay concealed,
waiting for some sign of his presence to
again follow on his track.

Cautiously, therefore, he moved away
from the shelter of the clump of bushes by
the garden fence, beneath which he had
found shelter, and stole noiselessly across
the garden.

The garden fence was a high one, luckily
for him, and thus concealed him from the
observation of the watcher on the other
side of the street.

A dozen steps had the fugitive taken and
not a sound betrayed that his pursuer was
on his track. A half-smile came over his
face, for he saw safety before him. A dozen
and stately elms swaying their leafy tops in
the ocean breeze. "How calm and peaceful
the night is! Who, on a night like this,
alone with the solitude of nature, could be-
lieve there was such a thing in this world
as strife and toil? that man's angry pas-
sions could rage on this fair earth which
whispers so woefully of peace and love?"

Crack!

The sound came from the window-pane
above his head. In utter astonishment, Sinclair
looked up and beheld a bullet hole, bristling
through the glass of the window.

The dog's bark had warned him as to the
whereabouts of the fleeing man.

"Get down, you brute!" cried the fugitive.

The dog followed close behind, and emboldened
by the flight of the man, sprang savagely at
his leg, as he essayed to mount the fence.

The teeth of the dog almost met in the
flesh of the fugitive's leg.

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slowly. "Of course you read all about the war?"

"Yes." She wondered at the question.

"Wal, now, who was to blame for having all the men killed?"

"Why, I don't understand, father," she replied, in wonder.

"Wal, there was Jeff Davis an' all them Southerners on their side, an' there was Abe Lincoln an' Seward, an' a lot more on our side. Now, if it a-hadn't bin for these men, there wouldn't have bin any war, an' the question I'm puzzling over is, ain't these men to blame for the ones who were killed jes' as much as if they had killed 'em with their own hands?"

Delia had never heard any such reasoning as this before, and she thought the matter over carefully, wondering all the time what could have put such an idea into her father's head.

The old man watched her with eager anxiety.

"Wal, what do you think, Delia—are they to blame or ain't they?"

"I don't think they are, father; it was the antagonism of principles rather than that brought on the war."

"Then you don't think that the blood of the men who were killed lies at their doors, eh?" he asked, anxiously.

"No, I do not believe that any one would think so," she said.

"Tain't that, Delia?" he cried, earnestly; "'taint what any one in this world will think, but how will the account balance when it comes before the last Great Court?"

There was a feverish anxiety about the old man which was pitiful to behold.

"You mean the Day of Judgment, father?"

"Yes, Delia, that's what I mean; how will a man, through whose means other men have died, stand there? Won't their blood cry out ag'in' him? Do you s'pose he'll stand any chance to be saved?"

"Father, I wouldn't think of such things," the girl said, coaxingly. "What does it matter? You had nothing to do with bringin' on the war. They can not lay any man's death at your door."

"Mebbe not—mebbe not," he muttered, absently; "but I'd like to be sure."

"Here's Mr. Paxton coming up the walk, father," the girl said, happening to look out of the window.

"Mr. Paxton?" the old man exclaimed, rousing himself out of his stupor.

"Yes, young Mr. Paxton—Sinclair," she said.

"Oh, I remember; he comes about the mill; a little matter of business."

"I'll run away then, so as not to be in the way."

And she went out through the dining-room into the kitchen where Mary Ann, the "hired girl," was busy among the dishes.

Mary Ann was a brisk, comely girl of twenty.

"Show Mr. Paxton in; he's coming up the walk," Delia said.

"Sartin," Mary Ann responded, and she hurried away to the front door, which she reached just as the young man rang the bell.

Paxton was shown into the sitting-room, and Mary Ann returned to the kitchen.

"He's a nice-looking young man," Mary Ann remarked, with a sly glance at the face of the young girl.

"Yes," responded Delia, with an air of indifference which she was far from feeling, for Sinclair Paxton was a great favorite of hers.

"Pears to me if I had been you I would have gone and let him in myself," the hired girl continued.

"Why so, Mary Ann?" asked Delia, quietly, but there was a little red spot burning in each cheek.

"For a chance to have had a little quiet chat with him."

"Why, Mary Ann!" and the daughter of the house blushed to her temples; "why should I wish to chat with him?"

"I thought girls alders liked to see their fellers," Mary Ann replied, slyly, enjoying Delia's confusion.

"But he isn't my fellow," Delia protested.

"Isn't your feller?"

"No."

"Comes here pretty often."

"But he comes to see father on business."

"And not to see you?"

"No, of course not."

"Well, folks think that he comes here arter you. Lordy, Delia, I've heard a dozen say, 'what a nice match Delia Embden and Sinclair Paxton will make!'"

"I should think that folks might find something better to do than to talk about any such thing, particularly when there isn't a word of truth in it!" Delia declared, with a flushed face.

"Oh, folks will talk, you know, Delia, and when they talk they must say something. Why, do you know I really thought that you and Mr. Paxton were engaged?"

"Why, Mary Ann?"

"Well, I really did; he's been here so much lately."

"It is because father has a great deal of business to transact with him, but he never comes to see me; I've walked down the street with him two or three times, but it was all accident; we both happened to go out at the same time."

"Well, now, do tell!" Mary Ann exclaimed. "Well, I'm glad that he ain't your beau for one thing."

"Why, what is that?" asked Delia, in astonishment.

"Cos he's got another girl," whispered Mary Ann, mysteriously.

The flushed face came into her eyes. Although she had denied that Sinclair was her lover, yet it was plain that Mary Ann's intelligence was not calculated to give her pleasure.

"How do you know he has, Mary Ann?" she asked, with an effort to appear unconcerned.

"Oh, folks know all about it now," Mary Ann said, with an air of satisfaction. "They were out walking together last night. I guess the old deacon would have stated if he could have seen 'em."

"What is the girl's name?"

"One of the mill-hands—same mill that Sin Paxton's treasurer of; her name is Grange—Lydia Grange."

"Oh, yes, I know her," Delia said, quickly; "that is, I don't mean that I really know her, but I know who she is. She hasn't been here very long."

"No, she came last winter; she's a dreadfully proud, stuck-up thing; acts as if she thought that she was better than other people," Mary Ann said, with a toss of the head.

"She is very pretty," Delia observed, thoughtfully.

"Well, that's jest as people think," the hired girl added, a little contemptuously. "She isn't my style of beauty."

"And is Mr. Paxton really in love with her?"

"You ought to have jest seen 'em walking together last night!" the girl protested. "I took one look at them, and that satisfied me. I think that it's a shame that some one don't tell his father. He ought to know it!"

"Why, she may be a very good girl, Mary Ann," Delia suggested, but there was a dash of spite in her tone.

"Yes, she may be, and then again she may not be. There isn't anybody in Biddeford that knows anything about her, who she is, where she comes from, or who she belongs to. Why, she may have a dozen husbands, for all anybody knows here!"

"I don't see how the deacon could stop it, even if he knew it," Delia said, thoughtfully.

"He'd find a way!" Deacon Edmund Paxton knows more than all the rest of Biddeford put together. I only wish he knew all about it."

Delia did not reply, and the conversation turned upon other subjects. The seed was planted, though, in fruitful soil.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 140.)

changed a few hasty words and then began their retreat to the camp of the Avengers. As they moved on, each told the other his adventures, and when Old Shadow learned of Death-Notch being in the Indian village, he said:

"Whew! I bet a picayune lar'll fly while that critter's in camp; but, envy drivin' of the gals?"

"Yes; Death-Notch said they were there."

"That's the cackle!" the old hunter exclaimed, "and well we'll have 'em or bu'st."

In due time the scouts arrived in camp. Ralph St. Leger was there. They at once delivered their information to their friends. When Omaha narrated his adventure with Death-Notch in the lodge of the Medicine, a smile was seen to play about the lips of Ralph St. Leger, but none save Fred Travis and Omaha knew his import.

"Wal, I'll tell ye, yonker, we can confound Death-Notch on't and cut our way ou' here ruther than perish. But jist lay 'em and things may all work out right yit."

And, acting upon this advice, guards were posted wherever there was the least chance of a savage approaching; then those not on duty lay down to rest.

The night wore away, and morning dawned clear and bright, and as the sun glanced across the plain, the Avengers saw the danger that menaced them. Fully three score of savage warriors were encamped on the plain, close up to the little clump of oaks that stood like a door at the mouth of the defile. Their animals were picketed to grass west of the camp. A row of lances, stuck in the ground, were aligned in a semicircle about the camp, and at the foot of each weapon lay its owner's side-arms and horse-equipage.

They were upon the war-path. This our friends could tell by their paint and the absence of females. But why had they encamped there?

Our friends saw them build small fires and broil venison upon them. This done, they eat their meal in silence. Then some strolled out along the base of the cliffs, while others lounged about in listless, idle attitudes that convinced the Avengers they had gone into a temporary encampment for, no telling how long, nor for what purpose.

This was an unfortunate state of affairs for our friends. They could not make their exit from the defile by a rear passage. If they would escape at all, it must be made through the defile where they had entered, in the very face of the foe.

Toward noon several of the warriors had mounted their ponies, took up their lances and galloped away toward the south.

"Blast 'em!" muttered Old Shadow, "the royal oil devil's in 'em red-skins, boys. We're elected for a day or two, emphytic. Them lopin' hounds are goin' off on a hunt. They're probably dislodged a herd of buffalo."

"Time will tell," said Ralph St. Leger: "we have only got to be quiet and patient. If the savages do not discover our trail leading into the defile, we may escape them."

An hour or more had passed when a yell of a savage triumph was heard far over the plain. Our friends turned their eyes in the direction from whence the sound came, and saw the warriors that had left camp returning. They were leading two riderless horses, and on the point of a lance two reeking scalps were dangling. These spoke plainer than words of what had taken them from camp. The horses they led were of the new American stock, spirited and mettlesome, and had evidently belonged to white men.

When the savages entered camp they were greeted with a joyous shout. They drew rein, thrust their spears in the ground, and dismounted. They tethered their ponies at grass again, but the two captured animals were retained in camp to be admired and commented upon.

Presently two athletic-looking warriors, stripped of all their clothing but the loincloth, came forward and mounted the fretting, chafing animals, and with the two scalps attached to a spear-head, they dashed away at a furious speed and rode in a circle about the camp, uttering their fearful scalping and executing wondrous feats of horsemanship.

They rode out and out from the camp in a spiral line. At last one of the demon riders dashes away over the plain at a fearful speed, while the horse of the other became unmanageable, and bounding away toward the bluffs, plunged into the dense body of shrubbery and came charging up into the defile—into the very midst of our friends!

"Kapter the varlet, boys, kapter him!" exclaimed Old Shadow, in an undertone.

"Yes; Death-Notch's doin' must hev hurried 'em up a leetle. They went westward, and my 'pinion is they'll not stop this side o' the Big Muddy."

"Boys," said St. Leger, and his voice was sad and low. "I am afraid it will be a long time ere our hopes are realized, if they ever are. But, what say you, Avengers? Shall we take up their trail and follow them, or not?"

"Follow them!—trail them to death!" cried Fred Travis, and his words were repeated.

"The red varlets have gone—every cuss o' 'em—wemen, men, brats and all."

"What! broke camp?" exclaimed St. Leger.

"Yes; Death-Notch's doin' must hev hurried 'em up a leetle. They went westward, and my 'pinion is they'll not stop this side o' the Big Muddy."

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green grass would keep the flames in check, from sweeping onward like an irresistible wave, but the smoke arising therefrom would soon cover the face of the great plain, and make it impossible for one to live and breathe under it. This the savages knew, and they had fired the prairie with the intention of smoking the Avengers across the plain, and in all probability, into some trap which they had or would have prepared.

As the shadows of night continued to gather, the light of the burning prairie began to shoot athwart the sky, and roll in dull, lurid waves down toward them with no little rapidity.

"Let us press on, boys, a little faster," said young Travis; "if the wind should gain strength, it will scatter the smoke over the whole plain and suffocate us. If, however, we should come to a water-course, we might make a halt and escape the dangers of the fire. But I will not consent to desert my pony to the mercy of the fire, now that it has carried me beyond immediate peril."

"Nor I," repeated his companions.

They galloped along at a slow pace, conversing in an undertone, when, suddenly, their jaded animals pricked up their ears and sniffed the air uneasily.

"Boys," said Death-Notch, "there is danger about. These animals—"

He did not finish the sentence. A terrible sound rushed suddenly athwart the darkness. It was a sound resembling the roar of thunder—deep-toned and awful—low at first, but gradually gathering volume of sound. But it was not thunder. The sky was clear. Besides that, sound seemed rolling along the face of the earth. There was no doubt of this, for they could feel the very ground trembling under their animals' hoofs.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 186.)

Bianco; OR, THE HERMIT'S STORY.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

In one of the most beautiful of the mountainous portions of the State of Virginia stands an old homestead, now rapidly crumbling away.

The broad porticos, massive columns, and heavy windows, give it an old baronial look, indicative of former grandeur and magnificence, but time, the destroyer of all works of man, has brought ruin and desolation upon the whole domain. Broad un-tiled fields spread for miles around, the lawn is overgrown with rank weeds, the carriage drives through the dense forest no longer echo to the sound of wheels, and the low of cattle, the cry of the herdsman, and the bark of the dog, no more break the stillness that haunts the time-worn ruin.

The broad domain is shunned by all in the neighborhood, for a dark story rests upon the decaying homestead, and few there were who cared to visit the scene of desolation.

Not many miles distant from the Anchorage—for as such was the decaying estate known—was a small farm-house, in which dwelt a mother and her son, and several negro servants.

The farm was small, but its fields were well tilled; the house, a very tiny affair, yet comfortable and neat, looking like what it was, a quiet home.

Here lived upon the Daisy Farm, the widow Maynard, and her only son, Bianco, a youth of seventeen when I first met him as a fellow student at Princeton College.

With a dark, Spanish face, a supple figure, and polished manners, Bianco was of a proud, unbending nature, and particularly resented toward his companions, excepting myself; from the first we were friends.

Graduating before I did, Bianco spent a few months in traveling, and while at Niagara Falls, met with a young and lovely girl, the accomplished daughter and only child of a New York millionaire, and ere many days passed in her society, learned to love her with all the depth of his impassioned nature.

Irene Irving returned the love of Bianco, and secretly they became engaged; secretly, because Mr. Irving had told Irene, when he noticed the deep interest the young people felt for each other, that he had other views for her than marrying her to a broken-down Virginian, whose name was all he could boast.

Bianco, learning the feeling of Mr. Irving toward him, sought that gentleman, and told him of his love for his daughter, and that he wished to claim her as his wife, for he was able to give her a comfortable home among the Virginia hills, although he could not support her in the luxury in which she had been brought up.

A stormy scene ensued, and ended in the banishment of Bianco from the presence of the woman he loved.

Returning home, the young man came by Princeton to visit me, and made me promise to spend my vacation with him.

It was September ere I could keep my promise, and then I hied away to the mountainous country in which was situated the farm of Bianco's mother.

A warm welcome greeted me, and in that old farm-house I was happy.

Bianco was indisposed for several days, and alone I would mount a fine thoroughbred horse placed at my disposal, and dash over mountain and valley, lost in admiration at the scene around me.

It was in one of these horseback excursions that I came upon the ruined Anchorage estate, and, in surprise at its ruin, sprung from my horse, and traversed its deserted halls.

The sound of my tread gave back a dull, lonely echo; the old stairway creaked beneath my step, and an owl, frightened by the unexpected invasion into his ruined retreat, hooted forth his melancholy note of woe, and flew away.

Impressed by the sad scene, I returned to my horse and rode away.

At supper, that evening, I mentioned my visit to the deserted homestead, and could not fail to notice that my words affected both Bianco and his mother, so I dropped the subject.

In a hunting excursion, that Bianco and myself went upon, into the mountains, we found ourselves, toward evening, upon a lofty wooded point of land that contained an extensive view of the country around; the other distant ranges of blue mountains, the valley below, dotted with homesteads, and then the vast uncultivated lands of the Anchorage, with the old mansion, far in under the shadow of the mountain—all together presented a magnificent view of

lovely nature and man's artifice combined.

Observing my looks resting upon the Anchorage, Bianco observed:

"That is the ruined estate you visited a few days ago: it recalls painful remembrances to my mother and myself, and for that reason we never refer to it. Had I my rights, that old home would now be mine, and then the wealth of Irene's father would not equal mine own."

"Has it passed entirely out of your hands, Bianco?" I asked.

"Yes: there is a dark mystery hanging over its ownership: a secret that has never been cleared up: but—Ha! what was that?"

"It seemed like a groan; let us see where it came from," I answered, for distinctly there had come to our ears a sound, as if of a human being in distress.

Back a few steps from the point of land, the mountain arose in a cliff, to the height of sixty feet, and at its base I discerned a small opening, evidently the entrance to a cavern.

With pistols in hand, ready to meet either friend or foe, we turned a projection of the rock, and there a sight met us which was startling as unexpected.

Lying upon a low wooden bed, back from the large opening of the cavern, was the figure of a man, emaciated and worn.

A torn blanket and quilt were drawn half over his form, and the face before us was pinched with fell disease and suffering.

Once that man had been a noble creature, but a wreck alone remained: his hair and beard, grown long, and matted from want of care, was as white as snow, and presented a strange contrast to his dark, restless eyes.

"In God's name, who are you, and what do you here?" exclaimed Bianco, stepping forward, and bending beside the prostrate man.

"Boy, I have lived here for years, but the white sands have been sifted by Time upon my head, and now my days, my hours are numbered," said the old man, in a weak voice.

"You are suffering; can I not aid you? for this is no place for you to remain," said Bianco.

"And yet I have lived here eighteen years: for you were then a boy of five, Bianco Maynard."

"What! you know me?"

"I know you? Yes; and from your eyes see your dead father looking upon me; his gaze haunts me now."

"Listen, Bianco; I have grievously wronged you and yours, but now, in my dying hour, I wish to redeem the past. You have a friend with you, and together you shall listen to my story of crime; but listen quietly to the end."

"In the last century the old estate of the Anchorage was built by Lord Basil Maynard, who was a distinguished naval officer in the English service.

"Resigning from the navy he bought lands in Virginia, and here built the home called the Anchorage; marrying an American lady, he gave up his allegiance to England, and became a citizen of this country."

"The result of the marriage were two sons—Basil and Bianco Maynard, and upon the death of their father and mother, the vast property was left equally divided between the boys."

Basil married and settled down upon the estate, while Bianco became a wild, reckless wanderer, throwing his money away, and dissipating through his best years.

"To his brother Basil he mortgaged his total property, and with the proceeds left the country."

"In riotous living five years passed, and his brother once more aided him."

"But to no purpose, Bianco still persisted in his wild life, and judging he could no longer obtain any money from his brother, went to the Anchorage in the dead of night, and slew him as he lay in bed, for his wife, and his little son, your mother and yourself, were away upon a visit."

"Seizing a strong box which contained all of the valuable family jewels, thousands of dollars in gold, and the titles and deeds to all the American estates, Bianco fled; but to come here, and here he has remained since, a crime-stained, haunted being ever since unable to leave the spot where he could feast his eyes upon the scene of his foul deed. Bianco—do you know me now?"

The old hermit ceased speaking, and fixed his burning eyes upon his nephew, who stood as if entranced beside him.

"I know you; you have done my mother and myself a foul wrong, but we have been avenged in your own sufferings. Bianco Maynard, I forgive you, and shall not mock your dying hours."

"God bless you, my son! But I have not yet completed all I would say. Back yonder in that cavern, where I have lived for eighteen years, creeping out in the night to obtain food, I have the strong-box, with all of its contents untouched. Take it, and you are once again an heir to riches untold, for I know that your mother fled with you from the Anchorage, after the death of your father, and that you now live in poverty, as it were, when you should have roiled in wealth."

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"I know you; you have done my mother and myself a foul wrong, but we have been avenged in your own sufferings. Bianco Maynard, I forgive you, and shall not mock your dying hours."

Considering wounds received in a good cause as marks of honor, I lifted the griddle from the floor and set it once more upon the stove.

I poured some batter upon it, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing it cook nicely.

When I had cooked about ten or fifteen cakes, I sat down to the table and began to eat.

The first mouthful tasted rather strangely, but I did not notice it particularly. I had eaten about five or six, when, happening to glance under the stove, saw, for the first time, that what I had supposed to be a bowl of grease, was in fact, a very large bottle, which was neatly labeled:

"Brown's WINDSOR POMADE."

I lost my appetite immediately, and hastening toward the ash-box, opened up a sacrifice, after which I felt much better. I think those cakes can be considered a total loss.

It was now about ten o'clock, church time, and I had not yet eaten any substantial breakfast.

I began prancing around the house, in no very amiable mood, in search of some ready-cooked victuals.

I soon espied a half of a ham hanging on a nail in the pantry. To reach it down, cut a slice from it, put it into a fry-pan, and set it upon the stove, was the work of a moment.

It had hissed and danced in the pan for about twenty minutes, when I concluded that it was about done.

I had just lifted it from the stove, when the door-bell rung violently.

I set the pan down under the stove, and hurried to answer the summons, for the door-bell rung violently.

It was one of my wife's friends, who glanced at me in surprise; asked after my wife; talked about the weather, her neighbors, and almost every thing I can think of at present. Yes, for exactly fifty-five mor-

My Housekeeping,

BY JAMES B. HENLEY.

One evening, in the month of June while lying at full length on the sofa, in my pleasant sitting-room, smoking a cigar, my wife, who had often spoken to me about her desire to go to Long Branch, just for a few days, again began to plead for permission to go, and some money.

"What shall I do while you are absent?"

I asked, by way of trying her.

"You can get your meals at a restaurant, or you can cook them here."

This answer was just what I expected, so

"Well, Sarah, you can go, and I'll keep house. Here is some money."

"Oh! what a good, kind husband you are!" she cried. "I'll start by the nine o'clock boat, to-morrow morning."

The next morning at half-past eight, she had only about half completed her toilet; but, by hard exertions, we managed to reach the boat, perspiring freely, just as the gang-plank was being pulled ashore.

I grasped her sash and shawl and hung them on board the boat, striking an aged colored lady full in the face, which laid her on her back on the deck, which beat everybody seemed to consider intensely ludicrous, judging from the road smiles with which it was greeted.

My wife gathered all her energies for a jump, which she made in true race-horse style, landing with great precision in the lap of an old apple-woman, upsetting her stock of merchandise, that was piled up in a basket in front of her, which rolled in every direction.

Just how the affair was settled I was unable to see, on account of the fast-receding boat, so I wiped the perspiration from my brow, and turning, walked in the direction of my place of business.

As I was returning home that evening, I thought of the pleasure time I should have cooking my own victuals. Such biscuits and griddle-cakes! Enough to make one's mouth water.

I made my supper off of a piece of cold ham and a biscuit, it being too warm to build a fire.

The next day was Sunday, and I determined to have some griddle-cakes for breakfast, although it was not just the season for them.

I obtained the flour, salt and water, together with some shortening, consisting of some tallow from roast beef, because I could not find any thing else, placed them in a large water-pitcher and filled the pitcher about half full of water.

After I had stirred it about ten minutes, the batter did not seem to me to be all right, so I lighted a cigar and sat down, and gazing abstractly at the batter, pondered.

Light broke at last. *Reast!* I had forgotten that; so I proceeded to the bakery, but not knowing how much was required, I thought I would be on the safe side, so I purchased ten cents' worth. I emptied the whole of it into the pitcher, set it behind the stove, shut up the cat, and retired to bed, well satisfied with my evening's work, and thinking of the delicious cakes for the morning's breakfast.

I arose early next morning, attired myself in one of my wife's wrappers, and descended to the kitchen prepared to enjoy my triumpf, but I didn't. No, not a bit of triumph did I enjoy.

The yeast was strong enough to raise a house from its foundation, and the batter was running all over the carpet. I scraped up a portion of it and put it into another dish. I then built a fire, after several unsuccessful attempts, which filled the room with smoke, making it more like a smokehouse than any thing else, placed my griddle upon the stove and commenced setting the table for breakfast. After breaking several of my wife's best glass dishes, a cup and two plates, and trading on the cat's tail, for which favor I became the recipient of a long and deep scratch on the calf of my leg, I managed to get dishes enough on the table to eat breakfast with.

The first lot of cakes stuck faster than a poor-nurse's plaster to the griddle. Ditto, second lot, only more. My dream of delicious griddle-cakes was rapidly vanishing, when I happened to think that I had not

paid a year to every subscriber.

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ALL ALONE.
A LAKESIDE MONODY.
BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

"The day has faded into gloom, and sunk behind the purple west;
Fast falling dun;
The cawing crow has flapped his homeward way
to seek his distant nest.
Far from the sun:
The sad-eyed lark sits in gloom above the
darkling lake's breast;
And covers with its dusky pall my weary heart
that knows no rest,
All, all alone!"
Why waits she in the twilight there, with sad gaze
fixed upon the sky?
While the sun runs
The thoughts that crowd her heart, and bring the
wistful longing to her eye?
What has she done,
That she should cower 'neath the reeds, and sit
the silent lakeside by?
To listen when the ripples weep, and echo back
the sad wind's sigh?
All, all alone!
"Twas here we parted, when the spring came twit-
ering with the singing bird,
And now he's gone!
The summer winds have swept away the anger of
his parting word:
"All alone!"
Came moaning o'er the hilltops, 'mid the dying
leaves faintly heard,
And murmur through the rustling flags, the me-
lancholy breeze has stirred,
"All, all alone!"
"All, all alone, no more to gladden, list'ning to the
step I hear!"
How the winds moan:
The coming tempest rages far away, and thunder
rolls above.
Deep monotone!
And he longed gone away in bitterness, the
word to rove,
And my false pride has left me here, to vainly
mourn the word that drove
My darling one
Away alone:
All, all alone!"

Amy Livingston's Mistake.

BY LETTIE ARTLEY IRONS.

"Good-by, Amy; I'll bring you some
flowers when I return. Don't get lonely."

Pretty, thoughtless Vida West nodded carelessly, Ross Glover bowed with his usual grace, and then they were all going down the path, this merry party of young people; and Amy Livingston, seated in her wheeled-chair by the open window, with her feet lying helpless on the crimson cushions, looked after them silently, but with a mute appeal in her brown eyes that might have touched a heart of stone.

Laughing, chattering like magpies, they went down the grassy path, without a thought of her, careless, free and happy—and she sat there, helpless in her invalid chair, denied all the pleasures of life, sorrowful and alone.

Just how dreary the world looked to her on this pleasant June day, all alive with the breath of flowers and songs of birds, it was given to none but God and the angels to know. None other knew—could know—the utter depth of loneliness in her heart; but Dr. Roslyn Armitage, the handsome young physician, of West Fernleigh, coming quietly along the shady by-path in the garden, and stopping for a moment among the vines to watch the sweet, pale face, with its sad patient mouth, guessed something of it. All through the blossoming spring he had watched from a distance the growing sadness of the firm, rather reticent lips, and changeable, tawny eyes, watched them with a feeling such as only a pure, noble-hearted man could know. While he looked, now, she folded her hands—pitifully white, helpless little hands they were—in her lap, and, leaning her head on the cushion, she wearily.

"Poor child!" he murmured, under his breath; "and I must deal her another blow. If I thought—" His dark eyes lighted as he moved forward, then darkened suddenly as he caught sight of the distant walking party, with Vida West in their midst. "I wonder if love makes us all selfish," he muttered, mounting the steps.

Amy sat, with closed eyes and contracted brow, listening to the faint sound of her sister-in-law's voice, that came in from the distant kitchen, where she was having a sharp altercation with the servant, wondering why it was that every thing in her life must be so unpleasant. Mrs. Livingston's temper was uncertain—it showed itself sometimes to poor Amy, and her life in her brother's house was very hard to endure. How the hasty, corrosive words, and little acts of neglect hurt her, no one could know. She was trying now to school herself to greater patience, when a sound at the open door caused her to start. She looked up to see Dr. Armitage.

A faint flush rose to her face at sight of him—not the least among her many sorrows was her love for this man who stood looking down upon her, so tall and grave—so handsome in his perfect manhood—her *hopeless* love, ah! that was what made it so bitter. How utterly her hungering heart had gone out to him not even himself suspected, and he did not love her—she thought of it with a sharp pang, that for an instant whitened her very lips.

With a strong effort she recovered herself, remembering his errand. There had been a council of physicians concerning her, and he had come to report their decision.

"You came to tell me what conclusion you have arrived at," she said, bravely broaching the subject, after the first words of greeting. "I am waiting to hear."

"We have decided that unless there is an unexpected change—" He hesitated, dreading to tell her the worst.

"Go on," she said, steadily, "I am no coward."

"That the disease is incurable," he said, slowly.

"How long may I live?"

"Possibly an ordinary lifetime." She answered nothing, only looked at him a moment, and then turned her face to the window. Before her lay the bright June landscape—the low-lying river on the one hand, the village nestled among the hills on the other, all bathed in the glorious summer sunshine, a shaft of which, streaming through the open casement, fell upon her head, lighting up her loose, gold-brown hair, and crowning her, as if with a blessing

—what a mockery it seemed!

A possible lifetime—and such a life—she wondered if she could endure it. Her lips quivered pitifully, but the proud reticence that never deserted her kept back the tears. A strong shudder went over her—otherwise she did not move.

Dr. Armitage crossed the room and laid his hand on her head.

"Amy, child—if only I might help you!" She drew away as only strong, proud woman, suffering as she suffered, longing

for love and sympathy as she longed, could have done, and motioned him away.

"Don't!" she said, lowly; "it is hard enough without being pitied. If I have trouble, I can bear it alone."

He smiled faintly, dropping his hand.

"Pardon me," he replied, gently. "I did not intend to wound you. Miss West is coming. How long is she to stay here?"

"Until September," Amy answered, glancing at the couple coming up the walk. "She will return home, then, to prepare for her marriage with Mr. Glover. It is no secret; therefore I speak freely."

She looked up at him as she concluded, and was startled at the expression of his face. It was very grave and stern, and with a hasty bow to her, he left the room.

A suspicion, for the first time, entered her mind—could it be that Dr. Armitage loved Vida? Well, it did not matter to her, since he cared nothing for herself. Vida's clear, merry tones roused her from the reverie into which she had fallen.

"Dreaming, Amy?" And Dr. Armitage

looked dreadfully solemn—what is the matter? What a splendid man the doctor is!

Such a man as he it would be worth something to conquer. I've half a mind to attempt it, Mr. Glover notwithstanding."

"For shame, Vida!" Amy's sweet, indignant voice rang out, clearly. "No true woman would trifle with any man's best feelings, least of all those of a man like

poor Roslyn Armitage."

"Will you open the window? It is very warm," was all Amy's answer.

"The window? Yes, but you'll want it shut again in a minute. It is run, run, all the time."

Another wavy arrow, sharp as a two-edged sword. Amy winced painfully, and Dr. Armitage, entering at that moment, saw that her eyes were full of tears. Seeing in his face something of the sympathy he felt for her, a sudden, wild thought struck her. Was it not possible that he cared something for her? Hardly; and yet, he loved no one else she was sure, and—perhaps, he might one day care for her. She was in no condition to reason clearly—a wild idea of escape

pities me, knowing my utter loneliness, pities me, and I—as if I could accept that!"

Poor Amy! She had yet to learn to what desperation a weak and suffering woman might be driven—yet to learn that in the hour of sore trial a human soul might desert its first principles.

It was a gray, cheerless day in late November. Outside, the wailing winds tossed the bare branches, and drifted the dead leaves; indoors, there was a bright, glowing fire, before which sat Amy Livingston, with clasped hands and scarlet cheeks, listening, as she had been forced to do for a half hour, to her sister-in-law's fretful, complaining voice.

"Dear knows what's to become of us," she was saying; "your brother don't get along with his business very well of late and since that scamp of a lawyer lost all your property speculating, and we've had you to wholly support, it makes considerable difference!"

Amy moved uneasily—how often in the past two months she had heard such words, and how sharply they had hurt her! She realized fully what it was to eat the bread of dependence, bitter enough always, but doubly so in her present situation.

"There's Dr. Armitage," said Mrs. Livingston, glancing from the window. "He comes often of late."

"Will you open the window? It is very warm," was all Amy's answer.

"The window? Yes, but you'll want it shut again in a minute. It is run, run, all the time."

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pities me, and I—as if I could accept that!"

"Coming back—mistaken in thinking that she loved him!"—the old fear rose up in Amy's heart with hundredfold strength. Her head throbbed painfully, she leaned more heavily on the doctor's supporting arm; then she was a chaotic whirl of surrounding objects—and then she quietly fainted.

When she recovered consciousness she was lying on the sofa in her husband's library, and he himself was bending over her. He held a glass of medicine to her lips, which she drank without question.

"Now," he said, smiling, as he arranged the pillows for her. "I shall leave you to rest awhile. You are tired."

He would have kissed her, but she put up her hands, with a swift, involuntary cry:

"No, no!"

A great shadow was on her face, and she saw it reflected in his, as he went slowly out of the room. She lay for a time, staring blankly at the red rays of the setting sun on the wall opposite, thinking of the step she had taken—or trying to think, for a drowsiness was stealing over her that soon overcame her, and she slept.

When she awoke, the day was done, and the room was filled with dusky shadows. With awakening came a clear remembrance of her position—all; and she realized fully now how wild had been the desperation that drove her to it. A wife, loving with an intensity that only a nature like hers could know, and unloved—a great sob came swelling up from her anguish, that shook her slender form like a reed.

"Amy, little wife, what is it? Let me comfort you."

Her husband's voice—he was kneeling beside her with one arm about her. She started up, turning to him a face whose whiteness the shadows hid.

"Comfort me!" she repeated, bitterly. "Oh, Roslyn, why did you marry me, loving Vida?"

It was a wild cry, forced out from her pain, but it was a revelation to Dr. Armitage. A light leaped to his eyes—he put his arms about her, his face to hers.

"Amy, was it that? Oh, my darling, did you not know that it's you I love—my darling, my darling?"

He held her close to his heart, showering hot kisses on cheek, and lip, and brow, and Amy knew at last that the love she longed for her noble husband, wearing a hoary crown than ever decked the brow of monarchs—the crown of a perfect and required love.



ALL ALONE.

from her present life was paramount to all others, just then. She turned around, with a purpose born of desperation in her eyes.

"Dr. Armitage"—she spoke as if impelled by a force stronger than her own will—"two months ago you asked me to be your wife, and I refused. Will you marry me now?"

"Willingly, if I may." He spoke very quietly, but his grave eyes lighted.

"Now—to-day?" she asked.

"This very hour, if you will consent. But, Amy," he hesitated, looking at her earnestly, "are you sure you'll never regret this hasty step? It is not for myself that I speak." His voice fell here—but only for a moment.

"I shall not regret it, if you—" she stopped, flushing scarlet.

"I would have asked you to marry me to-day, two months ago, if I had had no hope of success," he said, answering her half-spoken doubt.

"How quiet, how unimpassioned he was!"

"Then, I will marry you, and trust the future."

Mr. and Mrs. Livingston were intensely surprised at the suddenness of the affair, though neither knew the length of the engagement, nor how it came about.

In half an hour the minister was present, and with Roslyn Armitage kneeling beside her with one of her burning hands in his, Amy Livingston listened to the words that made her his wife.

"I will take you home at once, if you feel equal to the exertion," he said, when the clergyman had gone. Then to Mrs. Livingston, "She is excited and needs quiet. Perhaps yourself and husband had better defer coming over until to-morrow."

His carriage was at the gate, he wrapped her carefully in her cloak, and lifting her as though she had been a child, placed her within it.

"Drive slowly, Judson," he commanded, as he took his place beside her.

"A letter for you, Miss Amy," called out the farm-boy, returning from the village. She glanced at the superscription, recognizing Vida's graceful hand, and tore it open. It was short, but the second paragraph struck her like a blow.

"I am still Vida West," it ran, "and my engagement with Ross Glover is at an end. I was mistaken in thinking I loved him,

and I am coming back to West Fernleigh to spend the winter."

"Coming back—mistaken in thinking that she loved him!"—the old fear rose up in Amy's heart with hundredfold strength. Her head throbbed painfully, she leaned more heavily on the doctor's supporting arm; then she was a chaotic whirl of surrounding objects—and then she quietly fainted.

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"Amy, was it that? Oh, my darling, did you not know that it's you I love—my darling, my darling?"

He peered out into the darkness, and waited for another flash.

Presently he was kneeling beside her, his face to hers. She staggered, pale as death.

"Let me explain," she said.

"No, don't trouble yourself to," he said, coldly. "Good-morning."

"Oh, Hoyt, Hoyt!" she cried, "let me tell you the truth," but the man never turned, but went on down the path, stern and pitiless. He had no pity for the woman whom he believed to be false.

Years after, Hoyt Graham stopped at a little rude log-cabin on a western prairie, and asked shelter for the night. A man was the only occupant of the place.

"You can stay," he said, and Graham sat down beside the door to watch the sunset. Suddenly his eyes fell on a grave, with a white board at its head, bearing an inscription.

"CECILE WAYNE, AGED 22."

He turned toward the cabin door. The man was standing there, watching him.

"I knew a woman named Cecile Wayne, once," Graham said, and his face was pale with old memories of the woman he had never succeeded in forgetting.